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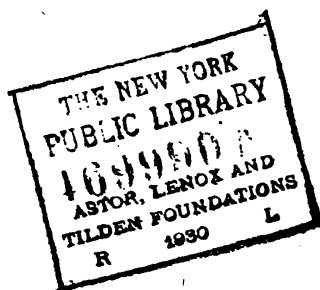
IN TWO VOLUMES.

. VOL II.

[By Edward Howard]

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THE GUERRILLA.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Author of "THE HUNCHBACK," &c.

ON came the crowd, shouting, "The Guerilla! The Guerilla!" ferocious exultation in the sound of their voices and in their looks. On they came right to the place of execution, gathering new accessions at every yard. Arrived at the fatal spot, they stopped; and, drawing back on every side, formed a little ring, densely bounded; in the centre of which stood a Guerilla, with a boy about fifteen or sixteen years old, apparently his son; and along with them a Spaniard of superior rank, one or two public functionaries of a subordinate class, and the executioner.

Several murders had been recently committed in the mountains; among the rest one upon the son of the Spaniard who was extremely popular in Burgos; and against the Guerillas the retaliation of summary justice was proclaimed by the edict of the people; of which act of popular despotism the man and the boy, who had been taken at a few leagues' distance from the city, were now about to become the victims.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the two. The man, of swarthy complexion and stalworth form, with lank black hair, and just sufficient of intelligence in his countenance to give direction to a bold and reckless nature; defiance, not

deprecation, in his eye—the boy, with a skin of bright and transparent olive; a frame, slender, though not spare; dark—jet-dark hair hanging almost to the waist in clusters of curls; and a countenance shining with sensibility and intellect; his eye, with an expression of intense terror, cast here and there upon the crowd; with one hand clasped in that of his robust companion, and with the other grasping his arm, to which he shrinkingly clung. There was something so irresistibly subduing in the group—now that their tormentors had halted, and had leisure to look on—that clamour subsided into perfect silence, which lasted for several minutes. At length the Guerilla, with a smile, stretched forth his hand—

“Fellow-Christians!” he exclaimed—but his voice was instantly drowned with cries of execration.

“Pinion him! Strangle him!” was vociferated from a thousand mouths.

Finding it impossible to obtain a hearing, he now had recourse to gesture, and his extended hands were gradually lowered in the direction of the boy; then moving his eyes from right to left, backwards and forwards, as far as he could turn his head—occasionally glancing at the boy—while the smile never once quitted his face, he plainly told what he would say. The promiscuous mass was touched again, and clamour once more was superseded by silence.

“Pinion *me!*” exclaimed the Guerilla. “Pinion me, and execute me if you please. I am a fair object for your vengeance, and you shall see that I will prove myself worthy of it; but why wreak it upon a child?—a boy who has done nothing to you? He is not a Guerilla, nor the son of a Guerilla. He is one of yourselves. Burgos was the place of his birth.”

Hesitation, doubt, pity, dissatisfaction, revenge, were variously painted in the faces of the crowd. At

length one—who seemed to be a sort of leader—by a single word recalled the passion which had originally predominated.

“Antonio!” was all he said, but in a voice in which there was doom, without refuge or mitigation. He was echoed by a thousand throats. The air resounded with “Antonio.”—It was the name of the Senor’s son—the young man that had been murdered. Cries of “Pinion them!” “Strangle them!” succeeded. The executioner looked towards the Senor.—The Senor nodded; and the former instantly proceeded to pinion the boy. The boy, submitting without a struggle, looked up in the Guerilla’s face. The Guerilla looked down at the boy—and still with a smile!

The process was nearly completed, when the Guerilla in a voice of thunder and command cried, “Stop!” The executioner, mechanically desisting, gaped at the Guerilla, as did also the Senor and the crowd—all seemed electrified by the tone in which the Guerilla uttered that single word.

“Is there a man in Burgos—” in the same tone proceeded the Guerilla, “Is there a man in Burgos who lost about sixteen years ago a daughter two years old?”

The Senor started, and now bent upon the Guerilla a look of the most intense interest and eager inquiry.

“What mean you?” said the Senor.

“What I say!” replied the Guerilla, and repeated the question.

“Yes, I am that man!” said the Senor: “I lost a daughter sixteen years ago at the age of two years old! Knowest thou aught of that girl?”

“You see I do!”

“And what?”

"Unbind the boy!" said the Guerilla, calmly folding his arms.

"Does she live?" impetuously inquired the Senor.

"Unbind the boy!"

"Knowest thou where she is?" asked the Senor with increasing impatience.

"Unbind the boy!"

"Wretch!" furiously vociferated the Senor, "you shall be put to the torture!"

A loud hoarse laugh was the reply of the Guerilla, and "Unbind the boy!" was again calmly repeated. The indignation—the impatience, of the Senor all at once subsided. The expression of his eye changed to something like respect and deference as he kept it still fixed upon the Guerilla, upon whom the crowd now gazed with a feeling rather of admiration than hostility. The boy never moved his eyes from his companion, whose smile seemed as permanent as the hue of his cheek while he stood like a figure hewn out of rock. There was a dead silence of several minutes.

"Unbind the boy!" at length said the Senor. He was obeyed. "Now?" said he, addressing the Guerilla.

"Remove us hence!" calmly rejoined the latter.

"Do you sport with me?" with renewed impatience, inquired the Senor.

"No!"—coolly replied the Guerilla. "You know I don't. You know that a child—a girl of two years old—was stolen from Burgos sixteen years ago, and that you are the father of that girl. You may well believe, Senor, that what I know a part of, and so well, I can reveal wholly—thoroughly! I will do so; but not here. Take me to your own house. There, but there alone, will I disclose to you what it will be

a happiness to you to know, and a satisfaction also to my friends the good people of Burgos, by whom I perceive you are held in no small estimation."

The Senor cast around him an inquiring look, as if to learn the pleasure of the crowd—they understood him.

"Give him his life. Take him away!" was vociferated on all sides.

The Senor, accompanied by the Guerilla and the boy, and followed by a portion of the populace, walked hurriedly home. The three were presently seated in the library of the Senor.

"Now?" said the Senor.

"Not yet!" was the Guerilla's reply.

"Do you mean to deceive me?" sternly demanded the Senor.

"No!" said the Guerilla; "but I must think—I must reflect—and that takes time. I must stipulate too; and that requires deliberation—caution. Thus far, however, thou shalt be informed. Thy daughter lives. The place of her residence is known to me. She is in safety there. I can restore her to you, and I will! but you must abide my pleasure as to the *when* and the *where*—with this assurance, I shall disclose all in the course of the next seven days. But mark you, Senor, and pay due heed to what I say. The girl is a hostage for my life and that of the boy; so look carefully to our safety. And give us handsome entertainment too. Lodge us as your guests, and board us as such. You must not turn us over to your household. We will eat at no table, but that whereat you preside. 'Tis the least courtesy you can show towards those who have ventured their lives in coming to Burgos, to restore to you your only living child!"

The Senor sat silent with astonishment. He eyed

the Guerilla and the boy alternately from head to foot. The Guerilla, following his eyes, said nothing for a time; but at length bursting into a hearty laugh:

"Your guests, I perceive," he exclaimed, "have their habiliments to thank for the questionable welcome you give them. 'Tis all very right. 'Tis the way of the world, and 'tis natural to go with the throng! Men's natures ought to lie in the stuffs that cover their bodies, and not in their bodies themselves; though I have seen many a velvet arm make sorry work with a rapier opposed to one wielded by an arm in buff! No matter: heed not our habits, Senor! The Guerilla and the boy will be fit for your table to-morrow. To-day they are content to dine alone. Give orders, however, that they be treated as becomes your guests. They bring good news to Burgos, and at the risk of their necks."

The Senor neither spake nor moved; but sat staring at the Guerilla, whose peculiar smile kept its place upon his cheek. The latter suddenly started up. The Senor did the same—as if instinctively.

"Senor!" ejaculated the Guerilla, firmly, and with an air of command that indicated the most thorough confidence in himself; "Senor, are you, or are you not, the father of the girl that was stolen from Burgos sixteen years ago? If you are, and if you wish the child to be restored to you, I have told you the way. Take it or not as it pleases you. Give me the time I demand, and the treatment I look for during that time; if not—forth to the place of execution again!—but remember, your daughter's life depends upon the safety of mine and of that boy's."

"One question!" interposed the Senor:

"I will answer none till my time!"

"Only this—has the girl any mark upon her per-

The Guerilla whispered the Senor.

The Senor threw himself into his chair and leaned back for a time, pressing both his hands upon his forehead. The Guerilla remained standing—his eyes scrutinizingly fixed upon him as if he would penetrate the determination that was forming.

“Alphonso!” exclaimed the Guerilla. The boy started up.

“Every thing shall be as you require!” hastily exclaimed the Senor.—“Your name?”

“Nunez!”

“And the boy’s?”

“You heard it just now—Alphonso!”

“’Tis well! You shall be looked to in all that you desire!”

The Guerilla and the boy were treated in every respect like the choice friends of the Senor. The day following, their mountain dresses were exchanged for that of the Spanish gentleman, and the youth of gentle blood. Their couches were the best under the Senor’s roof; they dined at the same board, and had all the honour paid to them which the Senor himself was accustomed to receive.

“Senor,” said the Guerilla, the second day, as they sat at table after the domestics had retired. “Senor, I have told you but half the errand that brought me to Burgos. What I have farther to inform you of refers to a subject of pain, not pleasure. Will you hear it?”

The Senor bowed. The Guerilla went on:—

“I had always set my face against acts of ferocity; I have repeatedly punished those who have committed them. I was in sight when your son was attacked; I called to the ruffians to desist—I flew with all the speed I could in hopes to rescue him; but I arrived too late. He was mortally wounded. His own reck-

less courage accelerated his fate. I had him conveyed, still alive, to my own habitation, where he survived six hours; a portion of which time he occupied in penning, with great difficulty, the contents of this paper."

The Guerilla here drew a small packet from his breast and handed it to the Senor, who, glancing at the superscription, hurriedly quitted the room. He returned in about a quarter of an hour, went directly up to the Guerilla, and, without trusting himself to speak, wrung him warmly by the hand.

"A youth—a son of mine," said the Guerilla—

"You have another son?" interrupted the Senor.

The Guerilla went on without noticing the question. "A youth, a son of mine, was wounded in endeavouring to save the young cavalier. He momentarily expects my summons to repair to Burgos; will you ensure him security of life and person if he comes?"

"Certainly!" said the Senor.

"I shall send for him at once!" said the Guerilla.

"Do so; and tell him to come hither. This is his home."

The Guerilla and the boy were now indeed the friends of the Senor. It seemed as if he could never make enough of them. On the fourth day of their sojourn at his house he made a feast for them, to which he invited the most esteemed and worthy among his relations and friends.

Besides the Guerilla and the boy, there was but one stranger present—a young Italian about five and twenty, who was on a visit with one of the guests. He was a youth whose general appearance was rather prepossessing, with the exception of his eye, which was peculiarly dark, small and sparkling. During dinner he sat directly opposite to the boy, whose countenance, remarkable for nothing but its sweetness

and blandness, he kept constantly scrutinizing, to the no small annoyance of the other, who attempted to repel the freedom by glances of coldness, and, occasionally, even of displeasure—in such a manner, however, as to avoid remark on the part of the rest of the company.

After dinner the guests amused themselves as their several tastes directed. Some repaired to the billiard-room; some played at cards. Music was the recreation of others, and, among the rest, of the boy and the young Italian, who with persevering obtrusiveness had followed him to a window where he was standing, and contrived to keep him in discourse in spite of half-replies and pointed inattention. The Guerilla and the Senor were deeply engaged in conversation in a corner of the room.

A charming passage of Mozart's was executed by a finger of truth and soul. All were enchained. Even the young Italian discontinued his persecution of the boy, when the latter, uttering a shriek, suddenly darted out of the room. Every one ran to the windows to see what had excited such emotion. Some town officers were conducting a Guerilla youth towards the house, which fronted the street up which they were coming. Before they came half a dozen steps nearer, the Guerilla youth was in the arms of the boy.

"The poor brothers!" exclaimed the Senor, the tears starting into his eyes. Every one ran down into the hall. There they were met by the youth and the boy, still clinging to each other:—the latter, overpowered by his feelings, almost carried by the former! Both looking into one another's eyes, strainingly, as if their souls were issuing from them, and blending, like their bodies, in embraces. Never was happiness at reunion more touchingly depicted;

especially upon the part of the younger, who kissed alternately the forehead, the eyes, the cheeks, the neck, the hair of the young Guerilla; and wept and laughed, and murmured unintelligible words of welcome—and at last was with difficulty taken by gentle force away.

Various were the spectators affected by this interview. The Senor wept like a child. The young Italian looked, as if he had never been acquainted with a tear. His countenance lowered with that cloud which throws the deepest shade; and which gathers in the mind. The tenderness which the boy displayed seemed to act upon him with the effect of an object of some natural, strong and uncontrollable antipathy. His eyes flashed loathing! and, with clenched hands, he pressed his folded arms convulsively upon his breast. The rest of the company sympathized with the youth and the boy; while the Guerilla, his figure drawn up to the full extent of his stature, gravely, and musingly, looked on!

The youth held forth a paper. The Guerilla took it; and, withdrawing to a corner of the saloon, whether the company had now returned, perused it with deep attention. The youth and the boy sat together, hand in hand. Of absorbing interest was the subject of their discourse. Their breaths mingled as they spoke. Their faces were never for a moment turned away; until roused by a sigh, deep drawn, and, almost amounting to a groan, the elder started up, and confronted the Italian, who was standing close opposite to him, evidently trying to catch the purport of their conversation. The flash of the youth's full manly eye, on fire with indignation, was too much for the Italian. With assumed carelessness, he turned his head, and presently slunk out of the apartment.

"Carlos," exclaimed the Guerilla. The youth

stood beside him in a moment. They whispered for a time. The Guerilla then approached the Senor.

"Senor," said he, "I must leave Burgos. I shall be absent ten days—thus doubling the time for which I stipulated: but, I leave the young people as my hostages. For your daughter's sake you will look to their security, and handsome entertainment. At the expiration of ten days she shall be restored to you. Do not expostulate! Necessity is a peremptory master, whose exactions we feel least, when we make up our minds to comply with them. I request the youth may occupy my room; the next to that in which your hospitality has lodged the boy."

The Senor gazed vacantly upon the Guerilla. For a minute or two he was silent with disappointment and perplexity.

"It shall be as you desire," at length said he. "When do you depart?"

"This moment."

"May I ask whither?"

"To Madrid."

"Madrid!" echoed the Senor with surprise.

"Madrid!" calmly rejoined the Guerilla.

"May I ask"—continued the Senor.

"Senor," interrupted the Guerilla: "I depart the moment a conveyance is ready. My journey is a long one; and the time I have to take it in is short."

"You shall be conveyed the first two stages by my own horses and people," said the Senor, and left the room. The Guerilla exchanging a few words with the youth and the boy, presently followed him.

"I should like to adopt one of those boys!" said the Senor, as he sat by himself, musing, after his visitors had retired, and his young guests had with-

drawn to their respective apartments. "There is about them a freshness of nature which acts upon my feelings in a manner in which they were never affected before; and, there is a vacuum in my heart—but that, to be sure, the recovery of my long lost daughter will supply—yet not wholly: I gloried in the manhood of my Antonio: I shall yet feel the want of my son? I would the elder boy were not the son of a Guerilla! Yet, is he a Guerilla? The boys are brothers: and, he said the younger was not a Guerilla's son, but was born in Burgos. And he is evidently the father of both, for they are brothers.—Death is an instructor," continued the Senor. "When I looked on my poor Antonio, my vain heart swelled with the pride of blood. I gloried in the ancestry which he could trace. Now, I perceive another, a new, and, I suspect, a higher source of exultation—the endowments, with which nature enriches. That young Italian is of noble birth; yet, how he cowered before the rebuking eye of the youth. He could not bear its gaze. He withdrew from the apartment; nor ventured to enter it again. I marked it with astonishment. How the boy looks up to the youth! How he hangs upon him!—seems to exist in him! Children have penetration. He must have a nature of high excellence to command such love and such dependence. He is the making of a cavalier! I should like to adopt him—but, the brand of the Guerilla is upon him; it matters not whether by nature or by chance."

Here the Senor was alarmed by a shriek. He started, and listened. It was repeated, and instantly followed by a scuffle in the chamber overhead. It was that in which the boy slept. The Senor snatched a candle, and rushed up stairs. The door of the chamber was open. He entered. The Italian lay

stretched upon the floor, and the youth, with one foot upon his breast, was standing over him.

"The matter?" impatiently inquired the Senor.

"The youth made no reply; but convulsively clasped his hands.

"The matter?" repeated the Senor, with increased eagerness.

No breath—no sound—uttered the youth in reply; but stood with his hands still clasped.

"The matter, young man?" a third time authoritatively demanded the Senor—advancing close up to the youth—but with no better success.

The faculty of speech seemed to have suddenly and utterly vanished, as well as that of motion. One feeling alone had taken entire possession of him, that of intense wonder. That he had been recently agitated by emotions of a harsher kind, was certain from the attitude in which he stood, and from the prostrate figure beneath him; but not a trace of those emotions now remained. His soul and frame had evidently room and use for only the one feeling; and that feeling spoke out of his eyes, the direction of which the Senor following, soon stood himself the image of wonder too; for on the side of the bed lay its occupant in a swoon; the night-dress half torn from the shoulders, as by violence; but instead of the neck of a boy, presenting the rich bosom of a ripe and lovely girl.

The Senor was the first that recovered his self-possession. He turned to the youth, and endeavoured by shaking him to recall him to himself, but in vain. At this moment some of the attendants, who had retired to rest, but like their master, had been alarmed, presented themselves at the door of the apartment. The Senor, previously drawing the curtains of the bed, to conceal the unconscious form that reclined upon it, ordered them to enter and remove the Italian;

who seemed to be stunned by the fall which he had doubtless received from the youth. He was obeyed. He now turned again to the youth. An entire change seemed to have taken place in him. The passion which had possessed him a moment before—which had strained his every faculty to the utmost capability of tension—was gone; and another, and a no less powerful one, appeared to have arisen in its place. The very spirit of tenderness shone meltingly in his eyes, which looked as if every moment they would gush; languid and deep was his respiration; and a universal tremour was perceptible to the Senor, when he took him by the hand, and led him, unresisting, from the apartment.

"Attend to the young person in that room," said the Senor to a female domestic who was passing. Then calling to the attendants below—those who had removed the young Italian—he inquired if the latter had recovered; and being answered in the affirmative, gave orders for his immediate dismissal from the house.

The Senor and the youth were now in the apartment of the latter: they sat opposite to each other—the Senor meditating, his companion abstracted.

"You have made a discovery, I think," said the Senor. "I perceive your astonishment is as great as mine. Till to-night you were unacquainted with the sex of your young friend."

"Till to-night!" was the brief but emphatic reply of the youth.

"You took her for a brother?"

"No, Senor, for a cousin."

"Have you been much together?"

"Constantly; particularly in our studies."

"Your studies!" repeated the Senor with surprise.

"Yes, Senor; my father had received a liberal edu-

cation in his youth: he studied at Salamanca. My mother had been bred in a convent—they jointly instructed us."

"And you never suspected the sex of your companion?"

"Never!"

"What language do you know besides your own?"

"Latin and French."

"What do you know of the use of arms?"

"My father says I am a tolerable master of the rapier."

"Was your companion taught it?"

"No, Senor! I was always instructed to believe that he was of a constitution too delicate to encounter robust exercises. In our walks and pastimes, I was forbid to lead him into any thing which might require great exertion. Hence I never suffered him to leap a brook; but waded it, carrying him in my arms."

"What do you know of the life of a Guerilla?"

"Little, Senor. My father lives in their mountains, he adopts their domestic habits, partakes in their sports, and has a sort of command amongst them; but in their lawless proceedings he has never taken part."

"Then he is not a Guerilla?"

"No further than I have told you, Senor."

"One question more," said the Senor, thoughtfully.

"Your companion has always been very fond of you; did your parents encourage this affection?"

"No, Senor, they rather checked it; not harshly though. It was sometimes painful to me; but as I saw that repulsing it gave greater pain, I suffered it; though I have often said it made us look more like girls than boys."

"Would you repulse it now?" asked the Senor,

bending an earnest glance upon the youth. The youth sighed, and his head dropped upon his breast: the Senor rose and quitted the apartment. He met the female domestic coming out of the adjoining one. She told him that its occupant had come to herself, and entreated her to leave her. The Senor dismissed her for the night. For a considerable time he remained standing at the door, which at length he softly opened, and, assured by the breathing of its inmate that she had fallen into a sleep, entered on tip-toe, approached the bed, and gently undrew the curtains. One arm was bent under the head of the sleeper, the other, of exquisite mould, lay exposed upon the rich satin quilt. The Senor stooped down to examine it. There was a small scar a little above the wrist. The Senor sank upon his knees, his eyes raised to Heaven: he wept, but the tears fell from eyes that were bright with thanksgiving and joy.

"Whither will you go?" said the Senor to the youth, as they sat the next morning at breakfast in the Senor's study. "You cannot remain here—you cannot remain in Burgos—will you follow your father to Madrid? I will supply you with the charges of your journey, and ample funds shall await you when you arrive there."

The youth made no reply; deep melancholy was painted in his countenance, as he gazed vacantly in the Senor's face.

"Young man," resumed the Senor, "he is a false friend who, from motives of compassion, encourages hopes which he knows can never be realized. You have been brought up from childhood with my daughter, of whose sex it appears you were ignorant till last night. Her rank and yours forbid the continuance of that familiarity which has hitherto subsisted between you, and which might now lead to results to

which, from the most weighty reasons, my wishes are opposed. It must cease—cease here. I cannot permit you to speak to her, or even to see her!”

“Not speak to her! not see her again!” ejaculated the youth, striking his forehead with his hand, and starting from his seat.

“No!” said the Senor, calmly.

The youth frantically paced the chamber for a minute or two, then suddenly stopped short, and fixed his full eyes upon the Senor’s face. The soul of deprecation was in that look: his colour wavered: his lips began to quiver; his respiration became short, difficult, and tremulous; the blood rushed all at once into his face, and a torrent of tears burst from his eyes, as he threw himself at the feet of the Senor.

“No!—no!—no!—” was all he could utter, as he convulsively grasped the Senor’s hand, which he raised at every interval to his lips; “No!—no!—no!”—

The Senor was one of those inexplicable characters, who exhibit at one time the greatest sensibility, and at another, the greatest obtuseness of feeling. At a cause of sympathy, where no personal interest was opposed, he would melt as he did at the affecting interview between the Guerilla youth and his supposed brother; but let that appeal interfere with his own inclinations, aims, resolves, he could be as callous as if his heart had never known the touch of ruth, pity, or generosity. Coldly he contemplated the prostrate image of supplicating agony, that knelt before him. There was no effort, no struggle, no more than in a rock upon which water breaks, leaving it as it found it. “No!—no!—no!—” in vain continued the youth, half suffocated with his sobs, and almost blind with weeping. The Senor calmly disengaged his hands, rose—the youth still retaining his posture—approached

the door, opened it, turned and paused for a moment or two with his hand upon the lock.

"I shall give directions for your immediate departure," said the Senor: "the cause of your disorder is too apparent. Hope is the nourisher of wishes; they droop, wither, and die when it is withdrawn. Within four days from this, my daughter will be espoused by a kinsman, whom I have fixed upon for her husband; you leave Burgos instantly!"

In a quarter of an hour, the youth was on his way to Madrid.

The Senor sat alone in his saloon, his eyes constantly directed towards the door of his apartment: it opened—it presented to him the loveliest female form that had ever entered it, conducted by the Senor's principal female domestic. Expectation, uncertainty, were blended in the expression of her countenance; her eyes rested a moment on those of the Senor; then fell; and without lifting them again, she was led up to him. Her knees inclined to the ground, the Senor's arms prevented them from reaching it, and folded her to his breast.

"My child."

"My father!"—was all that was uttered for several minutes. The lost, found daughter had been cautiously prepared for the interview.

Having given vent to their emotions, and the attendant having withdrawn, the father and the daughter now sat side by side. For a time she listened with interest to his account of the consternation and distraction which her sudden disappearance when a child had excited; of the various means which had been resorted to, but in vain, to effect her recovery; of the different conjectures which had been formed, as to the cause and manner of her abduction, and the quarter whither she had been conveyed—but gradually her attention slackened, and slackened until at

last the Senor stopped, finding that he was pouring his communication into ears that took no note of it, while the now abstracted maid sat fixed in the attitude of listening. An expression of deep thought and anxiety spread itself over the countenance of the Senor as he sat contemplating the breathing statue before him.

A footstep was heard in the passage. It aroused her—she listened—it passed—she sighed and relapsed into her trance. Another footstep was heard—she was awake again—she listened—it was close to the door—the door opened—almost she arose from her seat—a domestic entered—she heaved a deeper sigh than before, and the spell of abstraction again came over her. The gloom of the Senor's countenance deepened; his brow became contracted; he frowned upon his new-found child; he felt his heart rising into his throat, but he bit his lip, and kept his emotions in.

"Come," said he at last, rising from his seat: "let me make you acquainted with your father's house, of which as yet you only know a room or two."

She rose mechanically and took the arm which he proffered. He conducted her through the various apartments of a very noble mansion; furniture, the most costly, was uncovered to solicit her admiration; the richest apparel was taken from costly wardrobes, and spread before her; cabinets were unlocked; jewels were withdrawn from their cases, and put into her hands or disposed here and there about her person, that she might view them in spacious mirrors; the history of this set and that set—the choicest in the collection—was told to her; she saw, she heard, but she noted not—the impression of her senses vanished the moment the causes were withdrawn—once only was that interest, which makes impression permanent, excited—when she looked at the

portrait of her mother. She stood before it mute—reverence scarce lifting its eye to the object it venerates and would look upon: she crossed her arms upon her breast—she dropped her eyes, half bowed, and raised them to the portrait again; a tear started and trickled. It was plain that the portrait was awakening other ideas besides that of the original—she slowly turned her face towards the Senor who stood beside her—a want and a wistfulness were depicted in that face.

“You’ll be kind to me,” she said, and bursting into tears hid her face in the Senor’s breast.

Dinner was announced: she eagerly took the Senor’s hand, when he offered it to conduct her to the room where it was laid. She almost went before him, but she had scarcely entered the door and looked around, when she faltered as though she was about to drop. No one sat down to table but the Senor and her. One cover was laid before her, she tasted its contents, and no more. Another and another followed with the same result. Appetite was gone—nothing could provoke it. The dessert was as little honoured as the dinner. Wine was poured out for her; she touched the lip of the cup, but its contents went away untasted.

“Almeira!” said the Senor, as soon as they were left alone, “are you unhappy at having found your father?”

“No!” ejaculated the ingenuous girl, lifting her eyes and looking full in the Senor’s face.

“Yet are you unhappy at something!” added the Senor, inquiringly: the girl was silent.

“Your new state of fortunes, Almeira,” resumed the Senor, “must give rise to new habits—new pursuits—new connexions:—” the Senor was going on, but observing that the colour was rapidly leaving the

cheek of his auditor, he paused; and differently from what he had intended, at length went on: "Your happiness, Almeira, shall be the first care, as it is the first wish of your father."

The girl's eyes brightened up—the colour returned to her cheek—she started from her seat, throwing her arms round the neck of the Senor; whose countenance, instead of being irradiated like that of his child, now lowered with an expression of deep perplexity and trouble.

"Take your seat again, Almeira," said the Senor. The girl returned to her seat.

"Happiness, my child," said the Senor, "is the result of doing, not merely what we wish, but what we know to be wise and right. You must have no concealments from your father. Tell me, did you not expect to-day to meet with some one whom you have missed?"

A face and neck of scarlet formed the reply of the maid, as she sat with downcast eyes and hardly appeared to breathe.

"I know you did, Almeira," resumed the Senor, his countenance darkening: "but he has left this house."

A slight convulsive inspiration was all that was uttered by the maid, but, where there was crimson before, there was now the hue of ashes.

"He has left Burgos," continued the Senor.

She gasped.

"He must never return to it!" firmly added he.

The girl lay senseless on the floor.

The evening of the third day after the departure of the youth, the house of the Senor was lighted up for festivity; his doors, thrown open for the reception of all who chose to enter, disclosed in the distance an illu-

minated garden. The company was of various descriptions, the costume such as pleased the fancy of the wearers; some came in masks and dominoes; some in fancy and some in plain dresses; group after group passed in. Numbers of the common class of people remained stationary in the street, sufficiently interested in watching the arrival of the visitors. Among them, and in the front, stood a young man enveloped in an ample cloak, with which, as well as with his hat that was pulled down over his eyes, he partly concealed his countenance.

"Can you tell me the meaning of this?" said he to one who stood by him.

"Don't you know?" abruptly demanded the other. "I thought every one in Burgos was acquainted with it. The Senor gives a feast to-night, in joy for having recovered his long-lost daughter, and in honour of her approaching nuptials, which are to take place to-morrow. Stand up," continued he, in a tone of slight impatience; "What ails you that you stagger so? are you drunk?"

"No," replied the first speaker—yet caught by the arm of his neighbour, evidently for support. It was the youth. After a day's journey and a half, he had turned, and, reckless of consequences, come back to Burgos. He had no life now but what was centred in a passion, whose root was as deep as the recollections of his boyhood. He thrilled with the thought of a thousand embraces and other acts of endearment, which, when they occurred, were received as welcome but merely customary things. His lips now clung in fancy to lips whose pressure he had but half returned—nay, often checked; he felt as if he could have parted with the whole store of his life's breath to feel now for one moment the sweet breath of those lips. He had arrived in Burgos that very evening about dusk; had taken up his quarters at the house of an old

woman, who, perceiving by his attire, that he was a mountaineer—a truce had just been proclaimed between the Guerillas and the inhabitants of Burgos—had called him to her, and asked him if he would undertake to convoy a grandson of hers who was sickly into the mountains that night. He had consented, having begun to plan the wildest schemes for the abduction of the Senor's daughter; and providing himself with a cloak which would thoroughly conceal his figure, he hastened into the street where the Senor lived, and planted himself with the rest before the house.

"May be," said the man whom he had accosted, feeling that he leaned upon him from faintness: "May be you have not eaten to-day, and are exhausted with fasting. If so, yonder is food enough," continued he, pointing to the Senor's door, "and nobody is prohibited from entering."

"Nobody?" echoed the youth, inquiringly.

"Nobody!" reiterated his neighbour, who scarcely missed the youth from his side when he saw him glide into the Senor's house.

In the hall the youth encountered the Senor,—whom, however, masking his face by a profound bow as he moved on, he contrived to pass without being discovered. He turned into the parlour; it was full, but the object whom he sought was not there; he mixed with the company that were amusing themselves with minstrelsy and dancing in the garden, but with no better success. He ascended to the library, but his searching eyes, that eagerly looked from side to side, examining every group, were unrewarded for their pains. He passed into the saloon, which was the most crowded; with no small difficulty he made his way to the head of the apartment, where a small space was kept clear, in the centre of which sat, upon something like a throne, a female of the most exquisite form, rich-

ly but simply attired. She was leaning back, displaying to full advantage the curve of a beautifully arched neck, her face quite turned away, in earnest conversation with an elderly woman, evidently of subordinate rank, who stood behind her. The youth gasped for breath. He felt a movement among those who were standing near him, as if to make way for some person who was approaching: he mechanically yielded, without once withdrawing his regards from the object upon whom he had first fixed them. The Senor entered the area, conducting a young cavalier by the hand.

“Almeira!” said he.

The queen of the festivities turned her head, and presented to the youth the face of the companion of his childhood and boyhood; but how enhanced in beauty, from the more congenial attire which its owner had assumed. The Senor presented the cavalier, who took and kissed the hand which, however, she did not offer. The youth moved his hand towards his sword, but checked himself, and drew his mantle closer about him.

“Who is that young cavalier?” with as much composure as he could command, inquired he of the person who stood next him.

“The intended husband of the Senora.”

His hand moved towards his sword again, but again he checked himself.

The Senor whispered to his daughter—she rose. The cavalier presented his arm—she took it. They moved through the stately apartment, the company making way as they approached. The youth mechanically followed.

With what feelings did he contemplate the lovely form before him!—the graceful-falling shoulders!—the slender waist!—the full-curving sweep of the

downward portion of the figure!—the ankle that seemed made for ornament rather than support! all set off by the effect of female drapery. A thousand wild and maddening resolves passed in rapid, stormy succession through his mind; but they all settled into one—to die before her!—To reveal himself and die!

He turned for a moment to look for the Senor. He had stopped to converse with some friends. He followed the pair through the library, and down into the garden, withering at the looks of gratulation and delight that were cast upon them on every side as they passed. The minstrelsy and dance were proceeding. Her companion conducted her to an arbour, and seated himself there beside her. The youth took his station at some distance, directly in front. The full blaze of the lights displayed every feature as clear as if it were noonday. Her full, dark eye sparkled!—cheerfulness shone in her countenance!—she had forgotten the companion of her youth!—she was listening to him with whom the remainder of her life was to be passed?—What was life or the world to the deserted one?

The aged female he had remarked in the saloon approached. She rose instantly and met her before she reached the arbour. They whispered and separated. She resumed her seat, her countenance brighter than before.

“They have been speaking about her approaching nuptials,” sighed the youth to himself. “She will be a bride to-morrow!”

The cavalier now addressed her. She bowed. He rose and hastily left the arbour. The youth thought that this was the time. He stood before her, his hand upon his dagger. He was about to breathe the well-known name, but it was unnecessary. She knew him enveloped as he was, and uttered a half-suppressed

shriek. By a violent effort, however, she instantly recovered herself.

"Fly to the mountains!" she said, as rapidly as she could articulate. "I shall meet thee there to-morrow!"

He stood astounded.

"Fly!" she reiterated. "Living or dead I will be thine!—He returns! Fly—as you love me, fly!"

He looked in the direction whither the cavalier had departed. He was returning, carrying a basket of fruit, and followed by the Senor. The youth bent one gaze upon her, such as she had never received from him before. He saw that it penetrated her soul. She answered it, pressing her hand upon her heart. He darted into a group that stood near; gradually, but as fast as he could, withdrew from the garden, and quitted the house, his soul in a ferment with feelings which he could not define, but which were transport compared to those which he had experienced but a few minutes before.

"Where is your grandson?" he eagerly inquired of his hostess as he entered.

"He will be here at midnight, of which it only wants an hour. In the mean time you can take some refreshment."

He sat down to the first repast he had tasted with relish for the last three days. He ate heartily, and washed down the viands with an ample draught of excellent wine. The dame did not play the niggard to her grandson's guide. He inquired the time. It wanted yet half an hour of midnight. He became restless.

"Are you positive," said he, "that your grandson will be here?"

"Positive," she replied.

At length the church clock struck the hour, and at the last stroke a knock came to the door. He flew to open it. Two mules were without, upon one of which

was mounted his expected fellow-traveller. He sprang upon the back of the other, and they set off.

Engrossed with his own reflections, the youth did not interchange a syllable with companion. The lovely, stately form of the Senor's daughter was ever before him, but contemplated with his feelings far different from those with which he had followed it in the saloon. He dwelt with wonder on its fair stature—its rich outline—its bewildering symmetry! He became lost in a trance of delicious meditation, unconscious that he was following the charge whom he had undertaken to conduct. They had now reached the mountains. The breath of his native air first recalled him to himself. It was gray dawn. He was several paces in the rear of his companion. He rode up to him.

"To what part of the mountains would you go?" inquired he.

"Blessed virgin!" ejaculated the other, suddenly drawing the bridle. The youth did the same; sprang from the animal that carried him, and clasped the Senor's daughter in his arms, returned to her boy's disguise. His neck felt the clasp which it had often felt before, but never as now;—the lips printed kisses where they had before passively received them, nor was their pressure unreturned.

The aged female in the saloon and garden had been the nurse of the Senor's daughter—had received her from the Senor when she had swooned in the dining-room, and learned from her the cause. Feeling that the daughter's life must fall a sacrifice, if she was forced to comply with the Senor's wishes, she planned the escape, and effected it, determining to follow, and end her days with one, whom, an infant, she had nourished in her bosom.

"You are mine!" exultingly exclaimed the youth.

as he sprang again into his saddle. The trampling of horses was heard close behind them! They looked back,—they were pursued. They endeavoured, by urging their mules to the top of their speed, to escape, but they were overtaken. In vain the youth attempted resistance; he was disarmed, bound, and in a state of distraction conducted with the Senor's daughter back again to Burgos.

"I shall give him his life," said the Senor; "but he shall see her married before his face."

The priest was summoned,—the bridegroom was ready. The Senor's daughter was led drooping into the room, supported by two domestics. The priest proceeded as he was directed, but no response could entreaties or threats induce the maid to give.

"I will answer for her," said the Senor.

"It is murder!" shrieked the youth, and with a convulsive effort of his arms, burst the cords by which they were constrained, and darting forwards, clasped the maiden madly to his breast; the maiden, roused by the action, clung wildly to him!

"Separate them," vociferated the Senor.

The attendants endeavoured to obey him, but in vain. The hands of the pair were clasped with the strong tenacious hold that is sometimes taken in the agony of violent death.

"Kill him!" cried the Senor.

"Forbear!" commanded a voice of thunder, as the Guerilla strode into the room. "Forbear! He is your nephew, and I am your elder brother."

The Guerilla—if such we may call him—had in his youth fallen desperately in love with the daughter of a noble family. She was destined to take the veil. She returned his passion, and during her novitiate

eloped with him from her convent. He carried her into the mountains, and buried himself with her there. They were excommunicated. She bore him a son, and died shortly afterwards. To secure to that son restoration to his patrimonial possessions, the father had stolen the Senor's daughter, whose sex, for various reasons, was carefully concealed till the last. The death of the Senor's son, whom the Guerilla had in vain attempted to rescue, and who revealed his name to the Guerilla, and penned with his dying hand, for his father, a relation of what had happened, presented an opportunity for carrying into effect the plan which the Guerilla had long in contemplation. He repaired to Burgos, confident of security in the double hold which he had upon the Senor; when the events which we have narrated in the commencement took place. Encouraged by the paper which the youth, upon arriving at Burgos, presented to him, he had repaired to Madrid, obtained complete enfranchisement from the disabilities under which he lay, and returned in time to succour his son and his niece, who that very morning were united.

ONE WITNESS.

A TALE OF THE LAW. .

THE beautiful pathway leading across the meadows between the villages of Mill Hill and Hendon, was, on a lovely autumnal Sunday afternoon, in the year 1760, somewhat thickly spotted with groups of well dressed rustics on their way to the church of the latter place. The bells announced that the hour of prayer was drawing nigh, and the chimes from the belfries of Hampstead and Highgate, though in a more subdued tone, formed, as it were, one harmonious choral offering at the shrine of the living God.

Distinguished, as well by the simplicity of her dress as by the beauty of her person, Rose Mathews, leading her father, a venerable man, whose locks were blanched by age, and accommodating her youthful and healthful step to the decrepitude of his, bent her way upon the performance of the same pious duty.

The shades of evening were setting in, when the old man and his daughter closed the wicket gate of their cottage, which stood in the midst of a garden at the top of the village. The thick foliage of a neighbouring plantation intervened between them and the golden tints of the setting sun; but sufficient of its glory struggled through this obstacle at once to light up the pensive features of the father, and to render still more resplendent the clear brunette complexion of his daughter.

They were quickly followed into the cottage by Miles Edwards, a young man of hale and hearty appearance, who was received by Martin Mathews with cordiality, and by Rose with that expression of suppressed pleasure which betokens to all, save one, that the heart and eyes discourse more eloquently than the tongue dares to speak.

"Be seated," said the old man, "be seated, Miles, I wish to speak with you. It was my intention long ago to open my mind to you about Rose. Both she and you have shown such dutiful attention to my wishes, that I think it would be wrong longer to object to your marriage. The little share saved by me is just enough for our support, and that little will belong to her at my death, which cannot be far off. Thank God that, however soon it may be, I am prepared to meet it with resignation to His will. Still I should be very sorry that the moment came and Rose remained without the protection of a husband: become that to her as soon as you will, and my blessing be on both.

An announcement so unexpected threw Miles into raptures of joy, and suffused the lovely cheeks of Rose with conscious blushes. The time, however, passed; she became his happy partner, and in the fulness of a good and honoured age, old Mathews slept beneath the greensward, in the same grave that contained the ashes of his wife.

The early years of the marriage of Miles Edwards and Rose were as prosperous as they were happy; three children were born to them, and the prospect of the future seemed to promise as unclouded a view as was afforded by a recollection of the past. The small sum left by his wife's father, Miles laid out in the stock of a little farm he rented of a man of substance in his immediate vicinity; and, for the first few years, his crops were abundant, his cattle thrived, his rent

was duly paid, and it was whispered amongst his neighbours, that Miles Edwards will be one day overseer."

None of those privations and trials which call forth the energy of exertion, the exercise of resignation, or the vigour of resolution, had yet occurred; but all were too soon fated to visit the peaceful home of this affectionate family.

In the early bloom of her youthful beauty, Rose had attracted the notice of Ambrose Coppin, a son of the farmer of whom Miles Edwards rented his land. He was one of those restless and daring spirits that, brooking no control, rush headlong to the gratification of every evil, reckless of the mischief occasioned by it to themselves or others. Spoiled at home whilst yet a child, he naturally thought that his manhood would have the same freedom from restraint, and that whatever he required would be conceded to him.

No sooner did he behold Rose, than, so far as his nature would permit, he loved her: loved her at least with passion, for of affection he was incapable. The gentleness of her disposition was so totally at variance with the impetuosity of his, that she shrank from his advances, and firmly, though modestly, denied his suit. Enraged at the presumption of the lowly cotter's daughter daring to refuse his hand—for he conceived his station as the son of a wealthy landowner, placed him far above her—he determined on revenge. A violent brawl, however, in which he became engaged at a village festivity, was followed by such serious consequences, that he quitted the country, and went aboard a ship having a "pass," as it was then termed, for trading in the way of the Algerine cruisers, and for making reprisals on their ferocious pirates. This event prevented the execution of his threat, at least for a time, and it was not until the period of which

we have been recently speaking, that Ambrose found it safe to return home.

It was late in a winter evening when a stranger, in the rough garb of a seaman, made his appearance at the "Green Dragon," and taking his place on the "long settle" beside the fire, endeavoured to enter into conversation with some peasants who were enjoying a quiet pipe and tankard, and amusing themselves, as most persons do who have no business of their own, by talking over and settling, at all events to their own satisfaction, the affairs of their neighbours.

The unusual aspect, swarthy complexion, and uncouth dress of the stranger, attracted the notice of the rustics, and, as is common on such occasions, rendered them mute; but after a few efforts at pleasantry by their new companion, they soon recovered their loquacity; and from them Ambrose Coppin, for it was he, learned that his father had died early the year before, leaving him sole heir to his property, and that his own absence had caused rival claims to be set up to the estates, which were conducted by an attorney residing in London.

Having gained this information without going to his father's house—for he had a misgiving that he might not be alive—he called for the host, whom he questioned as to several matters connected with the little village, and more particularly as to "The Rose of Mill Hill," as Rose Mathews had been named when he was a youth.

"Why, sir," was the reply, "you must indeed have been long a stranger to these parts, not to know that the Rose has bloomed again and again: she is the mother of three children."

"And who is their father?" said Ambrose; "Miles Edwards," was the reply.

"Hell and furies! and has he—he, the cur who worked on my father's farm, obtained that which I would have died to have?—I once swore revenge on her," he muttered in an under tone,—“and now I will have it.”

During this short, but violent sally, the rustics stared at each other, and the landlord, leaning forward with both his fists upon the table, and gazing intently in the face of the stranger, said, “And, sure, by your oath, and by what you say, you can be no other than the long-lost Master Ambrose Coppin himself.”

“And who the devil else should I be?” shouted Ambrose; “it is Ambrose Coppin, he who threw his man ten years ago on Canonbury Green, and dared not come back till now. Yes, I am Ambrose Coppin, ready now to revenge an affront, and hating as I ever have hated.”

The landlord, recollecting the altered position of his guest since his father's death, obsequiously suggested that “his honour” had better go into a private room, where he would give every information that was required. This was acceded to, and in a short time Ambrose became acquainted with the courtship, marriage, and prosperity of Miles Edwards and his handsome wife.

“But, landlord, how do they go on now? they rent, you say, the Cross-lane Farm, and hold it still. My father has been dead now more than eighteen months, and there have been disputes about the property. How has this been managed?”

“In short, sir, I think you will find it to be thus; the attorney who has helped those that claim your estates, gave warning to all tenants not to pay any rent; and I fear, from the two last bad crops, and a disorder amongst the cattle, it was lucky for Miles Edwards that he had such a notice.”

"What, then," said Ambrose, almost rising from his chair, and grasping the wrist of his astonished listener, "does he owe near two years' rent, and cannot pay it? A murrain on his cattle, and the two years of bad crops—thank God, thank God!" and the blasphemer clasped his hands in delight.

Heart-wearied and dispirited, Miles Edwards had still struggled through the miseries attendant on the failure of his crops, and other misfortunes; but this vast accumulation of rent due to his landlord for ever haunted him. In this state of mind he returned from the fields one evening, and clasping his own true wife to his bosom, exclaimed, "Why, Rose, why did I not follow your advice, and keep the money your father gave as a store for a rainy day?" "You did right," replied Rose, "to do as you thought best. It was best, as has been proved up to now. Your industry, and our thrift, have not been wanting to avoid the misfortune that has fallen upon us. Trust to that God who gave us what we have, that he will not forsake us in the hour of need."

"True, Rose; but you have yet to learn the worst of all—Ambrose Coppin has returned: he is now our landlord. You know he once loved you, so far as he could love any thing but himself: he threatened you when last you parted; and we both know his bad black heart too well, not to fear he will make us feel his vengeance. Our rent is behind two years, and what are we to do?"

The storm that had so long threatened at length burst over them. Ambrose Coppin had no sooner substantiated his claim to his late father's property, than he put a distress into the house of Miles Edwards, sold his furniture, farming stock, and all that was upon the land—which just, and only just, suffi-

ted to pay his demand and the law expenses, and the unhappy father, his wife, and three children, were turned out of house and home. This was his first effort of revenge; neither his last nor his greatest, as the sequel will show.

Thus forlorn, Miles was beholden to the kindness of his former neighbours for a lodging for himself and family; one affording shelter for himself and wife, and others undertaking the care of his children amongst them; though, indeed, there were few who dared to show the compassion they felt, for Ambrose was the owner of most of the village tenements. With this assistance and his own industry, in a few months Miles was able to rent a cottage, his principal occupation being that of an agricultural day labourer.

Changed as was his condition, he bore all with fortitude, supported by the devotion and apparent resignation of his wife. Still, however, when he would suddenly return, he could perceive that, though she smiled upon him, she had been shedding tears for him and his. She studied to be cheerful and make him so, but it was but too clear to him that all was effort, and that the creature who claimed, and had ever had, his tenderest care, was sinking under the cruel infliction.

The misfortunes that had fallen upon him in his former state, seemed destined to track him in his humbler sphere; work became scarce to him, though others were employed; from place after place he was discarded without any reason assigned. He had ever borne a good character, yet there were whispers abroad that boded him no good; and those who had heretofore assisted him, now refused to do so, on the score that he could get plenty of work, but never remained long in one employ. Things went on thus, until poor

Miles and his suffering, patient wife, were reduced to the last stage of destitution.

Since his accession to the estate, Ambrose Coppin had nightly frequented the parlour of the "Green Dragon," nor did he often quit it sober. When in his drunken bouts, he was accustomed to boast of his power, and once declared he would drive that villain, Miles Edwards, from the neighbourhood; "and," added he, with an oath, "if I can manage that, then that fool who took up with him, when she might have shared my means, will be within my reach—and have her I will, if I break her flinty heart, and lose my own life in the attempt!" Pondering on this scheme, he reeled to bed, and the next day set about its completion.

At night, Miles returned somewhat late to his desolate home, having wandered about in a distant part of the parish, intending to ask for work—but fearing both refusal and insult, he had failed to do so. The unhappy couple, therefore, consumed a portion of their last remaining loaf, putting by sufficient for their children's morning meal, and sought temporary refuge in that which levels all distinctions—sleep.

The sun had not long risen before a loud knocking was heard at the cottage door, and two persons claimed admittance. Upon the bolts being withdrawn, Ambrose Coppin and his man, Wilson, (a fit instrument in such hands,) rudely thrust themselves in, demanding to search the place for some plate, said to have been stolen from Coppin's house, the night before. Conscious of innocence, Edwards made no demur, but led the way to every place in his homestead, his wife trembling with agony, knowing as she did the wickedness of both intruders.

"Ay, master, what's this?" said Wilson, turning over a sack in a small outbuilding where Miles kept

his spade and garden implements, and holding up a silver cream-ewer.

"What's this, indeed!" replied his master, "why, part of the property taken from me last night;" and turning to Miles, he continued, "Master Edwards, this must be looked into. You have been dismissed from many places, and now we begin to see that the reports about you were true." Miles darted a look of fury at his accuser, and was preparing to strike him down, but his wife sprang forward and seized him by both wrists; "Husband," said she, the tears gushing down her cheeks, "if you are innocent, trust to that God who has never yet forsaken us." A livid hue overspread the features of Miles Edwards, as he spake, or rather screamed—If, Rose, if I am innocent? and this from your tongue!" and staggering forward a few paces, he fell senseless on the floor.

Regardless of the scene that was passing, Coppin and his man continued their search, and discovered several other articles of plate, and, under some bushes at the bottom of the garden, found two picklock keys.

Scarcely sensible of what was passing, Miles Edwards was conducted before a magistrate, and, upon examination, the evidence appearing clear that he had been from home unusually late the night before—that Coppin's doors had been opened by picklock keys, and property stolen—that the property found in Miles Edward's outhouse was identified and sworn to, and that the locks could be easily opened by the keys found in his garden,—he was committed to Newgate for trial, for an offence the penalty of which was death.

Removed to a jail, he had time to ponder upon the wicked scheme that, he believed, had been contrived by Coppin for his ruin. The sympathy of his neigh-

bours was aroused for his mourning wife, who, after his short but emphatic appeal to her, had never once doubted his innocence, strong as the presumptions against him were. They aided her as far as their small means would allow, and provided such comforts as they could for the unhappy prisoner.

Rose had several interviews with her husband, during his confinement, and strove to assure him that all might yet be well. "He dares not," said she, "no, he dares not peril his immortal soul by swearing to your guilt. Remember, husband, he can only do so upon the blessed book of eternal life. Be comforted with that."

Worn out and exhausted with grief and fatigue, she had returned one night to the cottage, a few days before that appointed for the trial, when she was surprised by a gentle tapping at the door. Upon opening it she was sickened by the sight of Wilson, who, without noticing her emotion, put to the door, and in an under tone, told her he came with good news.

"What good news can you bring to one whom you are so soon to make a widow?—what good news to these three wretched, helpless children, so soon to be fatherless?"

"Do not rave, mistress, but listen;" resumed Wilson;—"you know I am one of the two witnesses against your husband. I have done a thing for which my own life is in danger, and my master knows it. I hate him; I fear him. I am determined to make my escape. To-morrow night I enter on board a ship, and shall be kept so secretly that no one will know where I am till I am safe, far away from England."

"But the robbery? what do you know of that?"

"Every thing; my master put the plate in the out-

house himself, and the keys in the garden. I followed, and saw him do it."

"Then," said Rose, "as you hope to be saved, I entreat you to stay and say as much, and spare the life of an innocent man."

"I dare not!"

"My screams, then, shall bring those to my help who will keep you here, and I will swear to all you have said."

"Fool, would you have two witnesses against your husband instead of one? Do you not know that a wife cannot be a witness for or against her husband? And if you could, who would believe that I should tell you this, after swearing as I did before the justice? Use your senses, and you may yet have to thank me for my friendly news. Good night." Thus saying, he gently closed the door after him, and Rose only recovered her self-possession as his retiring footsteps died away upon the ear.

The longer she reflected on the fact so strangely disclosed to her, the more she was bewildered how to act. Were she to accuse Coppin at once of the crime, she would not be believed, and would most likely be deprived of her liberty, and thus rendered unable to assist her husband. Were she to offer herself as a witness, she could not be received; for Wilson had truly told her so. Summoning, therefore, all her remaining courage, she awaited the day when she would have her last interview with her husband before his trial.

Admitted within the walls of the prison, she found her husband in the midst of a reckless, wretched set of men, expecting, like him, the issues of life and death. Their coarse talk prevented her for some time from communicating with him; and at length a ribald

jest, uttered by one ruffian, incensed Miles to such a degree, that with his fettered hands he felled him to the ground. A general uproar ensued, and the turnkeys interfering, Miles and his wife were led into a small cell apart from the other prisoners, and there allowed an interview.

Rose having pacified her husband, told him that Wilson would not appear against him. "What," replied he, "will that matter? There will still be that wretch Coppin, and his evidence will be enough."

"What! one witness, and such a one? No, no; it cannot be that twelve honest men will kill another on the word of such as he. But are you sure, Miles, quite sure, that one witness is enough?"

"There cannot be a doubt of it."

"Even then, Miles, you may yet be saved; he may repent, or he may not appear; and if he says nothing, you are free."

The husband mournfully shook his head, but made no reply. Rose, until now, had worn a countenance of intense sorrow, which she vainly endeavoured to conceal from him; but when he again looked in her face, it was the very image of calmness. Her eyes no longer darted glances from place to place, as if she saw some object of terror; their lids were partially drooping. Her voice ceased to own the tremulous intonation it had hitherto borne; and her hand, as she placed it upon that of her husband, grasped him with a nerve and firmness that amazed him. Suddenly rising from the little bench on which she had been sitting, she paced the cell for a few moments, and then returning, stood opposite to Miles Edwards, and thus addressed him:

"You know, Miles, I never yet offended you through all our married days;—yes, once I did, when I doubted of your guilt;—it was but for a moment, and you have

forgiven that. I never asked a favour of you, for you were always too kind and good to let me want any thing you could afford. I now do ask a favour of you, and you must not refuse me. Do not speak, I must be heard:—promise that if, by any chance, you should escape from death, you will work for our children, and be as both a father and a mother to them, whether I am alive or not!"

"Wife, wife!" cried the agonized Miles, "do not talk of chance; there is none. I must die, and am prepared for it: you must live, and watch over our poor children. But what dreadful thing do you mean—whether you are alive or not? But I promise all you ask." His wife, no longer able to command her emotion, burst into tears, and flung her arms round his neck.

"Miles," said she, "I feel that I cannot, that I shall not, long outlive your trial. I feel it in my heart's core. But I will be near you as you stand before your judges, and help you, if there be need. Depend upon the faith of a wife who never deceived you; she will not fail you in your danger."

The time was now arrived for strangers to quit the prison, and Rose bade her husband good-bye, telling him to remember all she had promised.

The doors of the "Justice Hall" were early crowded by persons of the lower orders, anxious for admission into the body of the court. Some, from their downcast eyes, appeared to be but too deeply interested in the fate of those about to appear at the bar; whilst others seemed bent on enjoyment of the melancholy scene, as a matter of holiday recreation. Amongst the former was an elderly-looking woman, wearing a scarlet cloak, and black bonnet, tied close down over the ears, and supporting herself with a cane. She was supposed to be the mother of a young prisoner,

whose trial stood first on the list, and whose punishment if his crime were proved, admitted of no mitigation. She was allowed to pass through the crowd, and take her place upon a form immediately under the dock, the spot where the prisoners stand during their trial; having seated herself, she bent her head forward upon her hands, which were crossed over the head of her cane. From this position she never stirred excepting only when a slight shudder, or a long-drawn sigh, escaped her.

At the appointed hour, with due solemnity, the king's judges entered the court, preceded by the sheriffs in their lavender silk robes, and attended by the lord mayor, and the aldermen of the rota, in their state attire. The sword of justice having been placed over the chair of the chief magistrate, the judges took their seats upon the bench, and the business of the session proceeded.

Several prisoners, amongst whom was Miles Edwards, having pleaded, the youthful offender before alluded to, was put upon his trial. The counsel for the prosecution moved the court that he should be detained until the following sessions, on the ground that, through inadvertence, he had been indicted upon a statute requiring two witnesses to the proof of the offence, whereas, on the present charge, there was but one witness.

At this moment a voice was heard, but from whence it proceeded none had observed, echoing the words, "one witness!" The council proceeded with his address, his motion in due course was granted, and the prisoner was removed from the bar.

By this time the old woman in the red cloak had ceased to attract notice. Those interested in the fate of friends, had other thoughts than the miseries of strangers; and those who came from thoughtlessness,

could not be expected to sympathize over-much with a desolate mourner.

The order having been given to put up the prisoner Miles Edwards, he made his appearance at the bar. As the noise of his cumbrous fetter struck on the ear, a thrill of horror ran through a party of his early friends and neighbours, who had placed themselves near the dock to witness to his character, if called upon to do so. Near them, also, stood the prosecutor, Ambrose Coppin, on whose brow was not visible any of that malignant hate which so truly characterized his disposition.

During the reading of the indictment, and other preliminaries, the prisoner cast an anxious gaze into every part of the court, as if in search of some one. The one for whom he sought met not his eyes, and he wrung his hands in an agony of despair. In a few moments he became more composed, and nodded to such friends as he saw around. His eye fell upon Coppin, but the latter shrank back amidst the crowd.

At length the prosecutor's counsel rose, and after stating the circumstances as before rehearsed, observed that there were but two witnesses for examination against the prisoner. Much notice was excited in the court, by another repetition of the words uttered by counsel: "two witnesses!" was repeated in a tone of hysteric laughter, which seemed to come from the place directly under the dock. Order was, however, soon restored; the judges having intimated, that, upon another interruption; they should direct the court to be cleared.

The learned advocate proceeded in his address, intimating an intention to call the witness Thomas Wilson before he examined the prosecutor, the only other witness, for reasons which, he said, would obviously appear in the course of examination.

The crier having thrice required Thomas Wilson to come forward, and no answer being returned, a manifestation of satisfaction burst from the prisoners' friends. This irregularity was soon subdued, and they were duly admonished by the judge. His lordship, leaning forward, inquired of the counsel if he thought he had sufficient evidence without Wilson; and having been answered in the affirmative, he desired Ambrose Coppin to be called.

"Ambrose Coppin, come forward to be sworn," cried the officer of the court.

"Here," exclaimed a voice at the rear of the prisoner's witnesses; and presently the prosecutor was seen elbowing his way amongst them. He had nearly arrived at the foot of the witness-box, and was stretching out his hand to grasp the Gospels, when at that moment the woman in the red cloak rose from her seat, let fall her stick, and stepping forward a few paces, exclaimed with a frantic shriek, "Do not touch that blessed book, and lose your soul for ever!"

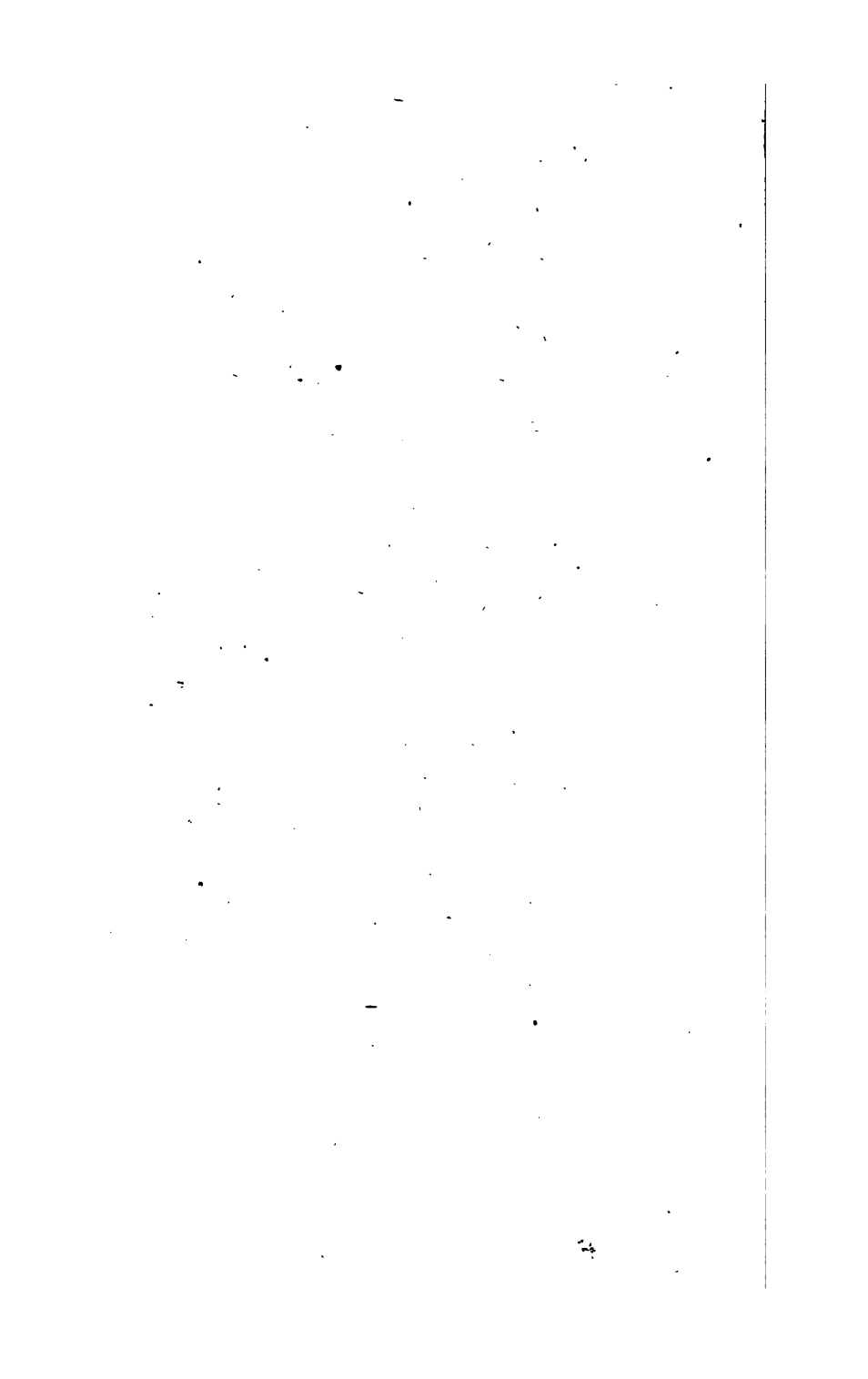
Amazement was depicted on every countenance; when, in another second, a loud explosion was heard, and Ambrose Coppin, the "one witness" against Miles Edwards tumbled on his face a mangled corpse.

Flinging away the pistol with which she had done the deed, and throwing aside the bonnet and cloak that had hitherto concealed her, the woman sprang forward, and clambering up the dock, disclosed, to the astounded gaze of the prisoner, the features of his wife. She threw her arms round his neck, crying, "I said I would be near you;—I said I would help you.—You are saved; your are saved!" Her grasp became relaxed, and she fell back, in a swoon, into the arms of an attendant turnkey.

Needless were it to state the confusion that pre-

railed in court at this appalling tragedy: nor will it be difficult to guess the sequel of the tale. Miles Edwards was acquitted, there being no living testimony against him. The notoriety of the offence committed by his wife rendered her guilt easy of proof; and the court being then sitting, the due process of law was prepared—she was the next day tried and convicted—and within four-and-twenty hours afterwards, being still as she had remained, excepting only during her trial, in a state of utter insensibility, she died a felon's death. Miles Edwards was liberated from jail, but his mind was upset:—his reason had fled. He roamed the earth a few years, a wandering beggar and a babbling maniac.

The remarkable fact at the close of this tale, actually occurred at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey. The heroine, however, in that case, was the paramour, not the wife of the prisoner.



THE PREACHER PARROT; OR, THE TRIALS OF TRUTH.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CHAPTER I.

"TRUTH," says John Milton, "is rarely born, but, like a bastard, to the shame of him who begets it." Let not the veracious reader start at this dreary faith; for the same author goes on to declare, that time at length legitimizes the base-born, and removes the odium from its father. Thus, though the living martyr may be burned to cinders, it may so happen that the greatest veneration shall be paid to his ashes. Now—as we are given to understand from gentlemen of the learned profession, members of parliament, party politicians, and other consumers of the precious manna—though truth be an inestimable treasure, still for that reason it is not to be produced on every light occasion. In the first place, a too great familiarity with it begets indifference. To be always speaking the truth, what is it but to wear a court-suit every day—to go shopping in hoop, stomacher and diamonds? We shall never forget the apothegm of a late lamented attorney, whose only son—how he acquired the antipathy yet remains a mystery—had an invincible aver-

sion to a lie. "Joseph," said the father, with something like tears in his eyes, "Joseph, Heaven knows how soon I may be taken from you, and therefore I cannot too frequently check your preposterous extravagance. Truth, Joseph, truth is like gold; a really wise man makes a little of it go a great way." To our mind, nothing can be finer, nothing more profound than this axiom. Truth is like gold; for how often does a reckless use of it bring its utterer to beggary! Let the fate of our hero be taken as an example.

"One pound one—the bird is yours, sir, cage and all." Thus spoke Mr. Brown, the auctioneer, declaring a parrot, one of a dozen that had been twenty times put up without a purchaser, to be the property of the guinea bidder. The owner of the bird knew not the dangerous treasure he possessed. The parrot was a very Solomon in feathers; and, though its possessor failed to appreciate the virtue, like true wisdom, it was sparing of speech. Its master, mistaking silence for inability, disposed of the bird as a blockhead, though, if it liked, it could, fifty times a day, have called itself a clever fellow. However, there was this besetting sin in the bird; it never opened its mouth, but it uttered an awkward truth, blurted out a sentence turned with satire, reproach, or contempt. What it said would, at times, fall with a fatal crash upon the cogitations of its hearers, making them doubt if Beelzebub spoke not through a parrot. Unfortunately for its future quiet, its long sojourn in the room of the auctioneer had enabled it to store its memory with the choicest scraps of the orator; which undigested exclamations, interrogatories, opinions, and appeals, it would too frequently utter to the confusion of its owners.

Our martyr to truth—the parrot—became the property of the lady of Mr. Phocion, a gentleman who

had struggled through many difficulties to become a member of Parliament, some of his difficulties being considerably lessened by the attainment of the dignity: yes; he was a senator, to the confusion of his tailor. He was a man of considerable powers of address, being heard at any part of Copenhagen-fields, whenever he there condescended to deliver his sentiments. As his opinions were not fixed, he was in the happiest condition for improvement. If he had not read a great deal of history, he had attended and spoken at many public dinners. If he had cared to shine that way, he could have argued in the style of Fox or Burke; but the days were gone for rhetorical speeches: no, the spirit of the times demanded brevity, and it was much easier to call names. Indeed, Mr. Phocion successfully exercised that great art of life—the art of gracefully concealing our ignorance. He was a man with a face of undaunted metal, and with nerves of equally strong, if not of the same material. Sublimely unconscious of the ridiculous, he soared above his own deficiencies, and was never so elevated as when utterly incomprehensible. Though not quite sufficiently skilled in the graces of literature to become a professor of poetry, he never made a speech without the support of the muse. No, never did he speak of the “poor man,” and never did he speak that he did not, with an eloquent smiting of the heart, allude to that unfortunate individual, but the oration was decked with that fringe of untarnished gold—

“Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their nation’s pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied!”

On what he would call the philosophy of society, he

had his own recondite opinions, for the adoption of which, as he would often lament, the world was not yet sufficiently prepared. That, however, all the generations of man had been begotten and educated on a wrong principle, was his unconquerable faith. With a severe disregard of the ornaments and what are called refinements of life, he would have looked on the statue of the Medicean Venus, and asked—*cui bono?* Or in his own downright nervous English—“What’s the use of it?” He would have resigned the Elgin marbles to the hammers of MacAdam, and covered a polling-booth with the canvasses of Raphael. In a word, he was a mushroom patriot, a thing produced by the corruption of the times. Yet, let it not be thought that Mr. Phocion would recant his faith in the hour of danger. Not so; he rather courted persecution. Often would he declare his readiness to lay his head upon the block; and so entirely was his wife influenced by some of his patriotic sentiments, that she would hear him with more than Roman serenity. As for the King’s Bench prison, it was the vestibule to the house of fame: and Newgate itself might, to a public man, become little less than the Mint. And this was the exalted creed of Mr. Phocion, until a full week after his admission to the House of Commons. We know not whether such a happy change comes upon all young members, but certainly Mr. Phocion talked less, and at least appeared more thoughtful. And this serious mood took a deeper shadow from a sermon which the senator accidentally heard, on the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. Mrs. Phocion remarked it, and ventured to observe, that nowhere could we get such true consolation as at church. Mr. Phocion looked pale and severely calm as the bust of Brutus—but replied not.

It was an evening, on which there was “no house,”

and Mr. and Mrs. Phocion sat with the only thing that ought ever to divide man and wife—namely, a book, between them. The book was *Malthus on Population*. Our statesman had no children, and Mrs. Phocion, who had merely looked at the title-page of the volume, contemplated her husband at his new studies with singular complacency. She would look meekly at her mate, and, in the pride of her heart, feel certain that some public or private good must come of such hard reading. Mr. Phocion put aside the book, and leaned his head on his hand.

"'Tis now two months since you've taken your seat, my dear; pray when do you think you'll get any thing?"

"Get any thing?" responded Mr. Phocion: "what should I get, but the proud satisfaction of—of—I desire, madam, that you never again allude to so base a sentiment. Get any thing! I should despise myself could I be induced to take office."

"Well, but a salary," observed Mrs. Phocion—"or—a something that"—Mr. Phocion frowned very darkly, and his wife was silent. Weeks went on, and Mr. Phocion gradually lost that serenity of temper, which, up to his return to Parliament, had made his house a dove-cot. Mrs. Phocion, in the simplicity of her soul, thought that law-making could not be so very respectable an employment, if it kept husbands out until four and five in the morning: and then sent them home more like ogres than rational, considerate helpmates. To do Mr. Phocion justice, no member was more regular in his attendance, more sedulous in his indirect attentions to the minister, more watchful of the public money. Still, it was but too evident that the dearest wish of his heart was unsatisfied. His merits and his zeal were alike undiscerned. He had, it is true, a vote in the house, but for what it brought

him, he might as well have had a voice in the great pyramid. Again and again, Mrs. Phocion touched upon the probability of fallen manna; and again and again Mr. Phocion, with grimmer looks and more passionate voice, declared that he should feel himself a wretch for ever could he be won to accept any thing. "No! to him, place was little better than the pillory. He would maintain his independence—he would return to his constituents with white hands."

"Mrs. Phocion marvelled at the obstinacy of the man; and one morning, after a late debate, resolved to speak out. "What! was he mad enough to refuse a salary, for—if it pleased Providence—doing nothing? Was he—?"

"Mrs. Phocion, I have seen too many sad examples of political tergiversation, to add to the black number. I have seen the patriot of to-day, the pensioner of to-morrow." Mrs. Phocion seemed to smile approval of the promotion. "But no; be it my glory to prove that there is still some public virtue left. And know, if I hold off from golden temptation—if I refuse, with inexpressible scorn to sell myself to the minister—it is for this proud reason, that I have had—"

"No bidders!"

"Who's that?" cried the patriot, turning as pale as though called by the accusing angel.

"No bidders! no bidders! no bidders!" replied the parrot from its auction vocabulary.

Mr. Phocion stared and gasped at the bird, as if a demon spoke in it—a malignant spirit that had possessed itself of the heart of the statesman's mystery—of the secret that had lain like an ulcer in his heart, tormenting him with scheming days and anxious nights. There was something awful—appalling—supernatural in the words; or rather, there was a terrible humanity in them, that, as the patriot glared upon the bird,

suggested to him the probability of a metempsychosis. "Had a Sir Robert Walpole been transmigrated into a parrot?"

"In the name of heaven! Mrs. Phocion," said her husband, taking breath from his astonishment, "where did you get that plague?"

"*No bidders!*" said the irritating parrot. Unhappily, there lay upon the table a copy of the report of the Law Commission. It will give the reader a very favourable idea of Mr. Phocion's strength, when we state that he seized the tome with one hand, and flung it at the speaker. The corner of the book caught the right eye of the bird, and extinguished its light. We ardently trust the only case of blindness effected by the "commission."

"Nay, I'm sure, my dear"—it was all in vain; Mrs. Phocion, with all her eloquence, failed to convince the member of the many little amiable ways of her loquacious treasure; and well she might, for every morning after a long and heavy debate, Mr. Phocion jaded, drowsy, bilious, was accosted by the parrot with a loud protracted chuckle, and "*no bidders!*"

In a very short time the parrot was thrust, with curses on its head, from the hearth of the senator.

Mr. Phocion, we regret to say, in due season illustrated the instability of human genius; for he accepted a place, which he held until his speedy death; a fact commemorated on a tombstone in that extensive churchyard, Sierra Leone.

CHAPTER II.

LAURENCE MARVEDI was a man of gold. His boyish practices and shifts had been those of a miser. He was now upwards of sixty, of an infirm constitution, but of immense worldly possessions. As he grew older, his passion for wealth absorbed every feeling, every sentiment, every hope, every fear, save one, the fear of death; and this dread he ever sought to escape from, by retreating to the contemplation of his hoards. He would almost persuade himself of the impossibility of death striking him amidst his treasures. Poor wretch! he had, through life, seen nothing beyond a guinea, and could not now look forward. He had had no sympathy with men; with his money-bags he had made a wall between his heart and them; and he shuddered, and could hardly suppress a howl, as he thought of the common doom that would involve him, naked, shivering, stripped of his privilege, with his kind. It was this horror of the grave, that made him anxiously avoid the sight of all types of mortality; that made him forbid his niece and housekeeper to breathe a word of death. His apothecary, taking his cue, showed no more knowledge of death than if he had been to him the greatest stranger. Now and then, his niece, gathering her information from the news-

paper, would speak of a Russian peasant—it must be the paternal softness of the government that induces people to live so long in Russia—who had just died at a hundred and ninety. On this, a slimy smile would streak the face of Marvedi, who, however, would soon relapse into melancholy, pathetically declaring that, “Russia was not England!”

“There!—that bell—there again—new churches! ugh!” cried the man of wealth, and he clasped his hands, and set his teeth, and his back was bowed like a hoop, and he rocked from side to side in his arm-chair, as the passing bell told the tale of death. Mr. Marvedi had, for thirty years, dwelt in a house far removed from

“——the sound of the church-going bell;”

when it pleased the functionaries, vested with that solemn power, to build within a few furlongs of his residence a sacred temple. Marvedi, rarely stirring from his house, was altogether ignorant of the goodly work, until the bell assured him it was done. The miser was immediately resolved; he would flee from the spot; he would bury himself where his ears should not receive the horrid warning. Some preparation was, however, necessary; and, in the mean time, he was tortured almost daily by the knell of death. He would sit and gasp in silence; and, with his bony hands, clutch the arms of the chair; and his eyes would wander round the room, as if watching something; and then he would try to smile, when the bell would seem to strike upon his heart, and he would shrink, like a slave from the uplifted scourge. It was a frightful sight to see the old man thus, with his sinful soul bare in his face. He would sit, and, until the bell ceased, howl and mutter—“Another!—and

rich, they say,—with half a million, perhaps, and to die—to lose all—to be no longer prayed to—to enjoy no more law, but to be nailed up—thrust into a hole—and then the judgment!”—and here his locked hands would shake as with a palsy, and his speechless lips would move, and he would sit possessed by his conscience.

It was little more than an hour after one of these fits of Marvedi, that Mr. Hopely, the doctor, made his morning call. We must, however, premise, that his visits were ostensibly paid to Miss Fanny, the rich man's niece, Marvedi never consenting to believe that he himself was in want of medical advice, though every day he indirectly obtained it from his professional visiter. In this delusion he obstinately remained to the last; dying, in the end, with only the most delicate hint, on the part of Hopely, of his probable indisposition. When Marvedi was *in articulo mortis*, Hopely allowed that he might be a little poorly.

“Good morning, Mr. Marvedi; good morning, sir; ha! ha! never saw you looking better,” said the courageous Mr. Hopely, staring in the slate-coloured face of the miser, and then pursing his mouth and raising his eye-brows, as he caught the eye of Fanny.

“Do you think so, Mr. Hopely? Do you really think so?” cried Marvedi whiningly, wishing to be cheated.

“Think so! why, you're like an oak, Mr. Marvedi: a handful of winters is nothing to you. And your pulse”—Marvedi was about to twitch his wrist from the hand of the lecturer—“delightful!” Marvedi held his wrist still; “so regular—so sound—the music of robust health. I have no doubt, at your age, Nestor had exactly the same pulse.”

"Who was he?" asked the unlettered Plutus.

"Who? Oh, an extraordinary man—lived a long time ago—but didn't die till he was six hundred," said Hopely, at a venture.

"Ha! the world has sadly changed, Mr. Hopely. Life was something in the time of Methusaleh," sighed Marvedi.

"The truth is, Mr. Marvedi, men insist upon killing themselves; otherwise, and I am religiously persuaded of the fact, any man, beginning with a fine constitution—a constitution like your own, for instance"—Marvedi cleared his throat, and tried to straighten his back—"might live to a thousand. All depends upon a wise temperance."

"I was never a glutton," interrupted Marvedi, folding his hands upon his breast.

"A wise temperance and a skilful doctor; not, understand me, to debilitate with drugs, but to sweeten the juices—to comfort with cordials. By the way, I have given the Arabian elixir to Fanny—three times a day, as before. There is nothing like temperance for long life. Look at Thomas Parr; bless me! it's very odd—I never remarked it before—you bear a great resemblance to the pictures of Parr."

"What! old Parr?" asked Marvedi, with a grim smile.

"The same; the man who lived to upwards of a hundred and fifty-two. Let me consider; yes, he saw out ten kings and queens."

"I have seen out three," said Marvedi.

"Then you have seven more to come," said the precise and encouraging apothecary. "Very singular! that I should not remark it before. Yes; the general expression of the head—the ample forehead—and the great power indicated in the jaw. I have no

doubt, were a comparison possible, that you and he would be found—”

“What have you there, Fanny?” suddenly asked the counterpart of Thomas Parr.

“Oh! a present from Mr. Hopely,” said the niece, fondling a parrot, which, we may as well inform the reader, was the bird of ill omen, banished, for its untimely truths, from the house of the law-maker. Mr. Hopely purchased it of a Jew, with whom Mrs. Phocion had exchanged it for a figure in Nankin china.

“Parrots!” exclaimed Marvedi, leering discontent.

“Oh! a charming bird, uncle: sings all sorts of lively tunes”—such ran the warranty of the Jew—“and whistles ‘Life let us cherish’ like a Christian.” The cheerfulness of the parrot’s taste was not lost upon the man of wealth, who tacitly admitted the bird to his hospitality.

“It’s not a squalling, shrieking, noisy wretch, with nothing to say for itself, but, as I am assured; a bird of capital education. You’ll find it quite a companion to you; and as it is very young, and parrots live to a great age, I’m sure,” and here Mr. Hopely took his hat, and shook Marvedi’s hand; I’m sure, you’ll—extraordinary pulse—admirable pulse—you’ll be fast friends for the next fifty years.” Saying which, Mr. Hopely and Fanny quitted the room, to enjoy a conversation in which, doubtless, the health of Mr. Marvedi formed the principal subject.

Days passed on, and not a word was spoken, not a note whistled by the parrot; like a prudent alderman, it filled its belly without saying any thing. It was a cold blustering night in December, when Mr. Marvedi sat in his room—a room not to be approached by the profane of his household under the heaviest penalty. The apartment was almost filled with chests,

bronzes and pictures. There was an antique cabinet, studded and clasped with finely-wrought brass, containing a vast treasure in *virtù* and jewels. From this Marvedi had taken several cases of diamonds, and now sat, gloating over their light, made more piercingly brilliant by the gloom of the muckthrift's den. He sat and passed his fingers over the gems, and, as if communing with sensible objects, in the imbecility of his soul chuckled and prattled to them. "What! leave you! no—no—no!—never—never! my darlings! my pretty ones!" and the miser pressed the diamonds to his blue lips. "Ha! ha! let kings keep their fighting men. Are not these the best of guards, the surest defenders, which no treason can corrupt, no rebellion debase; which, banished from one land, lose nothing by their exile? Ha! ha!" and Marvedi clapt his hands at the jewels and the heaps of gold before him; "these, these are the old man's valiant body-guard, his truest soldiers! I feel stronger as I look at 'em. Hopely was right; I have many, many years to come; tut! I am but sixty-five; many, many years—"

"*Going!*" rang a high, passionless voice through the room.

"Ha!" cried the man of gold; and his fingers, like the claws of a vulture, instinctively pounced upon the jewels.

"*Going at sixty-five!*" was uttered, in the same high, measured tones.

Marvedi could not speak. He lay with his breast on the table, and his arms stretched around his treasure. Years seemed to fall upon him in moments; his whole frame was shrunk together, and his heart beat as it would beat through. As he lay thus, sprawling and fixed with horror, his eyes burned and dilated like the eyes of a maimed tiger, and his rigid

mouth gaped as with the last breath. In truth, there was something in the voice and words of the unseen speaker to make the boldest start. Marvedi lay and listened for the voice, though ready to yield up the ghost, should it speak again. How long he really listened, he knew not; though but a few minutes, it seemed to him, a long, long night of horror. The place, gloomy before, to his imagination became darker and darker, and fantastic shadows seemed to creep about the wall. The arms of his chair appeared to grow close to his sides, and he sat fixed as in a trap. All was silent. Marvedi, casting his eyes around, ventured to move a hand—then hardly breathing, lifted his head—drew up a leg—and thus, by fearful degrees, again gathered himself upright in his chair, and dared to move his head—from side to side. He saw nothing; listened with new courage: heard nothing. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, and uttered a deep groan.

The next morning Mr. Marvedi, with him an unusual occurrence, took his breakfast in bed. Nay, he had not risen, when Hopely called to see Fanny. "Excuse me, but couldn't leave the house without saying good morning," said the daily comforter, as he put aside the curtain. "Ha! humph!—I'm glad to see you looking so well," added Hopely, with unconscious hesitation.

"Well!" cried Marvedi; "do you really think I look well, Mr. Hopely?" There was death in every line of his face.

"A little, little paler; but, perhaps, you hav'n't had so much sleep to-night."

"Not a wink—not a wink!" rattled from the throat of the man of money.

"Ha! that accounts for it. Yes—yes; well, a nap after dinner and—" and here Hopely looked at Fanny.

"You mean well, Mr. Hopely—but oh, last night oh, I fear I'm—yes—I'm certainly—"

"*Going!*" cried the warning voice of the previous night.

"There—there—there—again—again!"—shrieked Marvedi, and the bed shook beneath him.

"*For the last time going!*" cried the parrot, perched on the tester of the bed; for the bird being extremely tame, had the free run of the house, which may account for its having, the night before, hopped unseen into the sanctum of the miser.

Marvedi raved, "Don't you hear it? I'm called—a spirit calls me!"

"Compose yourself,—my dear sir—pray compose yourself—why, ha! ha!—it's only Fanny's parrot," said Hopely, in the softest tones.

Life seemed to return again to the features of the sick man, the mystery of the previous warning being so clearly made out. "Oh! ha! the bird you gave to Fanny—the parrot, to be my companion—thank you, Mr. Hopely—thank you," said Marvedi, with a grim, malicious smile. "But away with it—kill it—wring its neck—out of doors with it!"

"To be sure, sir—to be sure," said Hopely, in vain attempting to secure the parrot, that flew from place to place, exclaiming, and always in a shriller tone—" *Going—going at sixty-five—ha! ha!—decidedly going—going—going!*" whilst Marveda roared and raved for the death or expulsion of the truth-teller. At length, Hopely, irritated by the successful movements of the bird, and urged by the cries of the sick man, flung his walking-cane at the parrot, and brought it to the floor; though we are pained to say with a broken leg. The martyr of truth was again banished for its folly.

It was the midnight of the third day after the above-named occurrence, and Hopely, Fanny, and the house-keeper stood about the bed of Laurence Marvedi. His doom was fixed; despite the flatteries of the apothecary, death stood sentinel at the sick man's door. "I—think I'm getting ill," said the dying man.

"Possibly—possibly, you may think so; but you're going on admirably," pronounced the equivöcating Hopely.

"I should like to turn upon this side," said the patient, feebly.

"There, sir—there,"—said Hopely, who, with the house-keeper, assisted the sick man. "There—now, I'm sure you will be better."

He *was* better—he was dead.

The apothecary found himself down in the will of the miser for a handsome legacy. Our truth-teller had a broken leg.

CHAPTER III.

A VERY select party was congregated at the house of Mrs. Limetwig to celebrate the birth-day of her daughter, the youngest of four, the fair Belinda; who, at the time we write had entered into her nineteenth year, and although she had no fortune—at least, what is vulgarly understood by the mercenary young men of our day as fortune; she had the nobler kind of wealth in great abundance—she was accomplished to the verge of perfection. Her pine apples painted on white satin, were equal, if not superior, to any in Covent-garden. And then her portraits of dear and particular friends, they lived and looked! It was only known to a few, but she had contributed some of the fancy heads, to either the Bloomsbury or the Bag-nigge Wells Beauties, we forget which. Her modesty withheld her name, but they who had seen one of her faces, could easily point out the whole gallery. They had all the same sweet small mouth; in which the artist finely indicated the ethereal nature of the heroine, showing that with such a mouth it was impossible to eat. A mouth—if we may dare even to approach a masculine simile—almost the size of a shirt-button hole; indeed, when any of the teeth were seen, it might almost be doubted if they were not the pearl button itself. And then the Dian-like purity illustrated in

such little lips! they might, with difficulty, compass a whistle, but could never be brought to perpetrate a kiss. The eyes were worthy of the lips—nice little beads, looking up in one head and down in another, as in obedience to a wire, we see the different orbs of the different dolls. And then the flesh and the general expression of the face—so soft, so very sweet, so unlike the flesh that on this dull earth, is wooed and won and taken before a parson: no, it is clear such beauties live upon honey-dew like humming-birds: on conserves of roses, and jessamine paste. They are a great improvement on the ideal of woman of Wordsworth, and are

“———*much* too good
For human nature's daily food.”

It may be thought that we have lingered too long on the one ability of Belinda, seeing that she has so many; but we could not for the life of us let the reader pass in ignorance of the fair hand so successfully helping the advancement of high British art. We have paused—many a time have we paused—before these heads contemplating them with the same profound sense of the beautiful, that in our school-boy days we have lavished upon sugar plums; nay, it may be wrong to own the weakness, but, perhaps, with the self-same wish. To return to the birth-day party.

We never see a young lady, surrounded by eight or ten bachelors, take off her gloves, and seat herself at the piano, but we shudder from an association of ideas;—yes, we instantly think of the infernal machine. Who knows how many men may be killed dead on the spot by the first crash! Belinda played divinely. Edgar Flimsy, the younger son of a country banker, looked very serious as the music proceeded. Mrs. Limetwig observed the gravity of the young gentleman, and, doubtless to divert it, desired Belinda to

sing. Belinda obeyed, and sang in the finest possible taste. Had she been wound up for the occasion like a musical snuff-box, she could not have acquitted herself with more precision, and with less vulgar impulse: every note fell from her lips as if it were chiselled; and then her execution! Poor Edgar Flimsy!—his heart was dragged up and down the gamut until exhausted, when, at the last three-minute shake of the songstress, it fell into a thousand little pieces. Indeed, we would not own the heart that could stand that shake. There was a general burst of applause, followed for a moment by a profound silence. Mrs. Limetwig looked proudly at the young bachelors, but favoured the younger son of the banker with a look entirely for himself.

In this pause, a voice cried out, and it seemed as if accompanying the glances of Mrs. Limetwig—“*Does nobody offer?*”

A titter, deepening into a laugh, went round the room, and Mrs. Limetwig and Belinda turned to scarlet. “Oh—ha! ha!” observed the mamma, evidently restraining excessive laughter, “that teasing bird, which William’s godfather brought him—how came it here?” and the servant was immediately ordered to secure the intruder: but the parrot was a social parrot, and resolved not to leave the party; hence, after many ineffectual attempts to catch it, for its leg, though weak, had been set by some Samaritan, the bird was suffered to remain.

“It was downright cruelty to ask, but would,”—thus spoke the banker’s younger son,—“would Miss Limetwig sing his favourite song—the——?”

“Certainly,” answered Mrs. Limetwig for her daughter; and the favourite song—we forget its title and words, but its being very popular may account for that—was executed with incomparable power.

"Your only unmarried daughter?" observed the banker's son, in a low voice, to Mrs. Limetwig.

"All married, except my dear Belinda; and it would break my heart, I believe, to part with her. Yes, sir," said the mother, affected even by the probability of a separation, "Belinda, sir, is—is—"

"*The last lot, gentlemen,—the last lot!*" cried the parrot; and the guests burst into uncontrolled laughter. Belinda, with fine presence of mind, immediately struck the keys of the piano, as though quite unconscious of the interruption, and in a minute or two was in the midst of a furious battle piece.

"If I might aspire to the notice of Miss Limetwig," said the banker's son to the mother, "I hope that—"

"*Going for a song, gentlemen!*" cried the parrot; and again its words were greeted with a shout. "It was too much: the creature—where could it have learned such words?—should be sent from the house." Such was the sentence pronounced by Mrs. Limetwig, and after some little difficulty, carried into execution. But the charm of the night was broken: Mrs. Limetwig was irritated, Belinda languid, and the banker's son—whether the last declaration of the bird had "given him pause," we know not—not once, for the remainder of the evening, ventured to speak of Belinda. She died a maid, a victim to the intrusion of truth.

What would become of the world, if truth interfered in every marriage?

CHAPTER IV.

THE parrot was now doomed to feel, in disgrace and poverty, the imprudence of the past. It had suffered for too much truth. Untoward accidents had placed it in situations, where its foible told with fatal effect on the sensibility of its patrons. It was now, however, housed where truth might be spoken; at least, so it will be thought, when we make known the next lodging of our martyr. In smoky, squalid huts, surely truth may show its nakedness, and utter its rough but wholesome sayings.

Jerry Noggin was kept a cobbler by the bottle: could he have withstood its witcheries, he might, whenever he pleased, have asserted the full dignity of shoemaker; yes, he might have made, where he mended; he might have been the author of boots, instead of the ignoble translator. For twenty years had his wife rated him for his prostituted genius, for suffering "any vampirer to get above his head," when, if he liked, he might have made shoes for the king. Jerry, in his serious moments—that is, when he had no money,—allowed the justice of the reproach, and as constantly promised no longer to deserve it.

"Ha! Lord help me! I was well put to it to marry you!" exclaimed Mrs. Noggin, in the course of one of those little disputes, that give a zest and flavour to matrimony.

"To be sure you were," said Jerry, and his words smacked of the bar at the corner; "to be sure; all the parish knew that."

"What! I might have married a gentleman," retorted Mrs. Noggin.

"And so you have," said Jerry, with a smug look of dignity.

"A gentleman! A fellow that does nothing but sot upon gin and—"

"That's not my fault, but my misfortune," cried Noggin, somewhat affected. "Don't reproach me, Nelly, if—if—" and the maudlin cobbler began to weep, "if I can't get brandy! Don't talk to me; what matter how a man gets at happiness, so he does but have it?"

"Happiness! and have you the impudence to call yourself happy?" exclaimed the wife; and, considering that she was his wife, his avowal of felicity betokened great moral courage.

Noggin evidently felt the absurdity of the bravado: for, looking up in his wife's face, and puffing out his cheeks like the cheeks of an ape, he hiccupped—"sometimes, in the skittle-ground."

"And there you find happiness?" cried Mrs. Noggin, with supreme contempt.

"Yes," said Jerry; qualifying his assertion, "when you've the rheumatiz."

"And I have wasted the bloom of my youth—"

"Bloom! tan," said Jerry, "tan."

"How many women would have left you, you villain!" shouted Mrs. Noggin, stung by the sneer at her beauty.

"Ha! I've often thought that," said Jerry, "if I had but known how to go to work."

"What! you want to get rid of me?" and the shame-stricken husband did not venture to deny the enormi-

ty. "Of me? who could have picked and chosen where I liked? of me—"

"Now, I say, Nell, let's have no more of this. Pick and choose! I say nothing; you're my wife, and ●hope God will forgive me; but you know, Nell, as for picking and choosing," and here Mr. Noggin, with the end of his thumb placed at the end of his nose, indicated some deep, mystic meaning.

Mrs. Noggin, enraged at the gesture, screamed in treble, "Why, you pitiful, dirty villain! you miserable rascal, that I have kept from being naked; you ungrateful fellow, that I nursed with a broken arm"—Mrs. Noggin did not pause to say how it had been broken—"do you dare to mean to say that I couldn't have married the miller—and the—"

"Why, Nell, you know it," and Noggin could sometimes be stern in his liquor; "you know that when I married you, you know that you were going a-begging!"

"Going a-begging!" roared Mrs. Noggin, placing her hands at her sides.

"Yes—going a-begging; you were—"

"*Cheap as dirt!*" cried the parrot, from the top of a wicker cage, the residence of a late magpie; "*cheap as dirt!*" repeated the bird.

Mrs. Noggin was for an instant struck dumb by the untimely truth of such a speaker. Jerry, recovering his astonishment, slapt his thigh, shouted a laugh, and said, "that's a bit of truth."

"*Cheap as dirt—cheap as dirt—cheap as dirt!*" reiterated the parrot, as though proud of the praise of the husband.

"And it isn't enough that you, a villain and a coward as you are, wear out my life, but you must teach a parrot to—"

"*Cheap as dirt!*" cried the bird. It spoke no

more; for Mrs. Noggin, seizing a last, with amazing force and dexterity flung it at the speaker, and the parrot fell dead upon the floor.

Even in the garret of a cobbler there was no retreat for truth.

Silly, silly bird! had it lived a life of self-glorification, how differently had its life been passed. - "I cannot think," said the parrot, one day, to a fine macaw in a gold burnished cage, "I cannot think," said our sufferer, the spirit of Æsop for a brief minute descending on the birds, "how it is that I meet with nothing but persecution and misfortune. I talk whole sentences, and might reasonably expect great admiration for my sagacity; and yet look at me; see, what a poor, plucked, maimed vagrant I am! How is it, my dear macaw, that you have for so many years enjoyed uninterrupted luxury? Surely you must have an extraordinary gift of words. Tell me, how is this? are you continually letting fall rich truths—for ever dealing in deep wisdom?"

"Not I," said the macaw; "I have lived here these ten years, and have been pampered on the best; and yet, until this hour, I have never said any thing from morn till night, expect '*pretty Poll*.'"

CHAPTER V.

THIS will be a very short chapter; but to the admirers of martyred worth we trust a very grateful one. Lord Shaftesbury assures us, that no man of genius starves unknown; his starvation, probably, helping to make him notorious. Even truth has, at last, its enduring reward.

Lady —— had the most splendid collection of all that was “rich and rare.” Happy were they admitted to the wonders of her museum! “And, pray, what have we here?” asked a foreign countess, pausing before our stuffed parrot—a parrot, with its every feather composed, its eyes replaced, set up in an erect and self-asserting posture, standing beneath a dome of glass, and supported by a pillar of most exquisite marble, whereon were inscribed in letters of gold the history, acts, and death of our martyr.

The parrot had, in its life, been blinded, maimed; had been hunted from place to place with hate and curses following it, and had at last been brained by a shrew for the truth in a cobbler’s garret. But dead, its fame began to live; and now it stands in a palace upon marble, and is sheltered from the smallest mote by a case of crystal!

What are the trials of truth, when we think of its monuments?

THE RIVAL COLOURS.

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

IN a certain sea-port town of Scotland not above a thousand miles, certainly, from the capital of that kingdom, there lived two brothers of the name of Linn—James, and Andrew.

Both of these persons had at one time been in a respectable way; but had succeeded, by dint of a steady course of drinking, in getting gradually down in the world, step by step, until there was not an inch of descent left below them. They could go no farther. They had, in short, got upon what may be called the dead level of fortune, where there is neither an up nor down, and where, if there is nothing to hope, there is just as little to fear, which is certainly so far comfortable.

It was nothing to the Linns who became bankrupt, they could not be taken in. They would not have lost the tenth part of a farthing, although the whole trading population of the United Kingdom were in the gazette. A rise in the price of bread, or in any other article or articles of provision, affected not them in the least, simply because they never paid for any, and this, simply again, because they had nothing where-

with to pay for them. They lived on the community; not, however, in a dishonest way by any means, but in that certain mysterious manner in which all destitute persons live on the community, and which we can explain no farther than by saying, that they do continue to live, and that, long after they have ceased to have any thing of their own to live upon; ergo, they do live upon the community:—a fact this in natural history which cannot be gainsayed.

It must be confessed, however, that this same community treated the Messrs. Linns—as indeed it does, after all, every one who quarters on it—very scurvily; for their outward persons were in a state of most deplorable dishabille.

They both sported surtouts, or at least we believe they would have so called the articles in question had they been asked,—and we have no doubt that they really had been surtouts once on a day, and that too within the memory of man, at any rate within the memory of one man, namely their tailor, who, we presume, would have reasons of his own for recollecting the fact.

However this may be, the particular garments in question were really not such as any gentleman of correct taste would choose to take the sunny-side of a fashionable street with, on a bright summer forenoon.

One of them, namely, the surtout of the younger brother, (button and button-holes having peremptorily refused to do duty any longer,) was secured by an invisible cincture of some kind or other. We say of some kind or other; not having been able to ascertain of what kind it really was; for it was so ingeniously contrived, and, we may add, so ingeniously worn, that you were made aware of its existence only by a sudden and singular attenuity of the wearer round the middle.

This was indeed so great, that he appeared to be half cut through—you could not tell how, or by what.

We certainly do not think misery, under any circumstances, a fit subject for mirth, and we imagine we can feel for the distresses of others as much and as sincerely as our neighbours; yet there was a something in the appearance and manner of the particular pair of whom we are speaking that really defied "all power of face"—something irresistibly ludicrous.

They were both staid, grave, sagacious men, with long intelligent faces; and perhaps in this latter personality lay, partly at any rate, that portion of the comic which it was not possible to help associating with them; for their long intelligent faces were most deplorably dismal—most lachrymose—most lugubrious. If they had not been so very dismal they would, we verily believe, have been heart-rending, but as it was, they looked marvellously like a pair of elderly owls; not very musical, but certainly most melancholy. Solitary and forlorn-looking men they were: but the poor fellows were borne down by poverty—squeezed to death by it. It lay upon them with the pressure of a cart-load of bricks.

The age of the eldest Linn might be, perhaps, about forty, that of his junior about thirty; and although sufficiently well known by their own proper patronymics, their friends preferred distinguishing them by the classical names of Pliny the elder and younger.

It is very well known that poverty, like drink, renders people quarrelsome. While a family, or any other small community—perhaps the remark would apply to a large one too—continue in comfortable circumstances, they get on remarkably well. They are all good-humour and good nature, and are as kind and friendly to each other as possible; but the moment that adversity comes upon them, that instant they fall to

worrying one another with the most savage ferocity; each revenging on his neighbour his own particular share of the common suffering.

Such, however, was not the case with the Linns. In adversity, as in prosperity, they continued on the most friendly footing, and conducted themselves towards each other on all occasions with becoming tenderness and regard.

Their common sufferings, indeed, instead of weakening their affection for each other, seemed to have drawn them closer together, and to have increased, in place of having diminished, the intensity of their fraternal love; and truly there was great need it should; for they were two only against the whole world, and if they did not condole with and encourage each other, who would?

Their sufferings, however, were great. They had no regular employment: indeed scarcely any employment at all; and this being the case, it will readily be believed that they had no use whatever for Meg Dodds's cookery book, nor were in the least interested in the changes of fashion. In truth, they were almost literally starving. They occasionally got jobs, indeed, of various kinds, but these were trifling and afforded them only a temporary relief. Out of the fourteen days they fasted fully thirteen.

One consequence of this severe regimen on the brothers was an extraordinary thinness of person. They wasted away in their surtouts till the latter could have gone twice round them, and buttoned behind with greater ease than they could have buttoned in front when they first got them. In truth they could at last have both got into one and the same surtout at one and the same time, without much incommoding each other. Under this process of decomposition their faces, too, became daily more and more collapsed, and more

dismal and forlorn, till they were at length truly piteous to behold.

It is said that the fortunes of men, when they have got to the lowest possible ebb, are almost sure to take a favourable turn, when they, themselves, give fair play to the good luck that is willing to befriend them. Whether this be a general truth or not we do not know, but certainly the doctrine held good, in one instance at any rate, in the case of the Plinys.

At one period of their career things had come to a crisis. That is, no shift of any kind was left them by which to procure even a mouthful of bread, and all the horrors of absolute starvation stared them in the face; for although they had been ill enough off before, they had always contrived to keep soul and body together; there being several persons who, out of consideration for their former respectability, were in the habit of throwing some little thing in their way occasionally: but even this precarious resource had at length failed them. Friends had grown shy, and employment there was none. At this most dismal period of their career then, we say—just when they had reached the lowest depth of misery and destitution—one of those lucky hits to which we have already alluded, befell them. A job presented itself, a capital job, and they obtained it. This was to measure a cargo of wood which had just arrived from the Baltic,—a species of employment in which the Linns had been frequently engaged, and at which they were deemed very expert; for they were very clever fellows—this was allowed on all hands.

The job, however, was not obtained without some difficulty; for there were many competitors for it: but after a great deal of running and entreating, and calling and recalling, and boring and beseeching, they did obtain it.

It was given them, in fact, out of charity; the importer knew of their former respectability and of their present destitution, and on these accounts preferred them to the job—on the express condition, however, that they should have the whole measured off by nine o'clock the next morning, as it was all to be despatched to the country in various lots, and the purchasers were impatient for possession.

With this condition it will at once be believed, the starving brothers readily promised compliance. It was one of very easy performance.

This job was the first they had had for three months, and was besides an excellent one; yielding, at the very lowest calculation, a couple of guineas to each—a mighty matter to men in their circumstances, who did not know where to get their breakfast, and who had not been better informed regarding this and similar particulars for many a day before.

But the Linns were perfectly aware of this. They were by no means insensible to it. On the morning on which the work was to be done, they got up betimes, provided themselves with the necessary measuring apparatus, and joyously and lovingly proceeded together to the scene of their impending labours.

Having reached the ground, the brothers eyed the extensive piles of log that lay before them, for a few seconds with looks of great satisfaction. Always friendly before, they were now ten times more so. Every better and tenderer feeling of their natures was consonantly acted upon by the very magnificent appearance of the *job*. They smiled sweetly in each other's faces, and murmured their happiness to one another, in accents as tender as those of a couple of turtle doves. But the work must be begun. They felt this, and commenced operations with such spirit, that in a twinkling the first log was measured off—its

dimensions taken, the younger Linn pulled a large red mass of something or other out of his pocket.

"What's that, Andrew?" said the elder Linn, eyeing the strange substance.

"A piece of red cauk to mark the logs wi'," replied Andrew, carelessly.

"Red cauk to mark the logs wi'?" said the elder, in a tone of slight displeasure, very slight, however, scarce perceptible; "red cauk's no richt, man, ye canna see't a yard off. We'll tak' white, Andrew," and he pulled a large piece of the substance he alluded to out of *his* pocket.

"We'll do nae such thing, man," replied Andrew, a little impatiently, "white has nae grip. It rubs off wi' the least touch. We'll take the red, Jamie; it'll haud the longest."

"The red canna be seen a yard off, man, I tell ye, and 'll never do!" said the elder Linn sharply, and with pointed emphasis.

"The white has nae haud!" exclaimed Andrew, with increasing testiness of manner.

"It'll do better than the red for a' that," said the elder brother, now really angry at the pertinacity of his junior.

"It'll do nae such thing," replied the latter, no less vexed at the obstinacy of the former. "I tell ye again, that the red hauds best. It'll staun baith wet and dry, and a gude rubbin to the bargain. I'm sure common sense nicht show ye that."

"But it's no seen!" roared out the elder brother, now in a tremendous passion, "and what's the use o' a mark if it's no seen?"

"Ye're an ass!" shouted Andrew, proceeding without farther words to mark the log with the red chalk which he held in his hand, when he was collared by his brother.

"An ass!—you infernal idiot, you insolent rascal! Do you call me an ass? It's *you* that's the ass!" exclaimed the elder Pliny, shaking his brother violently while he spoke. "Let me see that piece o' red cauk out o' your hands this instant," he added, making at the same time a desperate effort to obtain possession of the detested substance.

"I'll see you hanged first!" exclaimed Andrew, resisting stoutly, and in turn grasping his brother by the throat.

"But I *will* hae't," roared out Jamie; increasing his efforts to get hold of the piece of red chalk.

"But ye sha' na hae't," bellowed out Andrew, still more and more fiercely resisting.

The consequence of these opposing sentiments and interests was a long and deadly struggle, in the course of which both got several severe falls; sometimes one being undermost, and sometimes the other. At length, the elder brother proved himself decidedly the superior in physical strength, by getting Andrew on his back right across the measured but still unmarked log, where he held him by the throat!—his heels touching the ground on one side and the crown of his head touching it on the other. The position was a complete locker. Andrew could not budge an inch, and Pliny the elder perceiving his advantage, held him there with the most determined gripe.

Aware of the utter helplessness of his situation, Andrew made no attempt to regain his perpendicular, but lay quietly where he was. Under this seeming passiveness, however, there was a deep design. This design was neither more nor less than to take advantage of the smallest remissness on the part of the superincumbent—for Pliny the elder was reposing with his whole weight on Pliny the younger, as he lay

doubled backwards across the log—and to extricate himself from his hold by one sudden and desperate jerk; a proceeding in which he eventually succeeded at the expense only of one of the skirts of his coat, which remained in the hands of the elder Linn after a vain attempt to counteract the vigorous and successful twist with which he conveyed his entire body to one side of the log, and the subsequent spring which restored him to his perpendicular.

On regaining his legs, Linn the younger made a ferocious leap at the throat of Linn the elder, and succeeded in canting *him* over the log making his spine crack like the report of a pistol. With this feat, however, personal hostilities terminated between the belligerents—but it was only to renew the war in a new shape. Satisfied with having thrown his brother, Linn the younger did not follow up his advantage by keeping him down, but allowed him to get up again. On doing so the elder Linn, appreciating the courtesy, did not again attack, but affecting an air of calm magnanimity, and assuming a corresponding attitude, said at intervals, as his excited condition and disturbed respiration would admit:

“Sir,—you’ll repent this infamous conduct of yours. I’ll go directly, sir, to Mr. Beveridge (the importer and proprietor of the timber) and tell him, sir, of your rascally and unnatural conduct, and we’ll then see, sir, whether he’ll have his logs marked with red chalk or with white;” and he shook the fist in which he still held the substance of which he spoke, although it was now merely a handful of white powder, having been crushed into dust in the struggle.

“Whenever you choose, sir,” said his brother, trying to imitate the elder’s coolness and dignity of manner; “whenever you choose, sir,” he said, shaking the lump of red chalk which he also still held in his hand,

in his brother's face; "but when you go, I go along with you. Mark that. I'll not allow you an opportunity of misrepresenting facts. I'm as willing as you can be to refer the matter to Mr. Beveridge; but if he chooses white chalk to mark his timber wi', I can tell ye it's what he never did before:—I ken that."

"Go to the deil wi' ye," said the elder brother, and he hurried away to put his threat of stating the case to Mr. Beveridge in execution.

Andrew, equally determined, followed him with his skirtless coat.

Mr. Beveridge was not within, but they were told where they would be likely to find him. It was a considerable distance, but they were resolved on seeing Mr. Beveridge, and to the place named they went. He had left just five minutes or so before they arrived. The person whom they saw, however, informed them that he had spoken of going to a certain other quarter of the town, and he had no doubt, if they went there, they would find him.

They did so, but Mr. Beveridge was *not* there.

The Linns now returned to Mr. Beveridge's house: the elder Linn going before, and the younger behind; both as sulky as bears, and neither speaking a word to the other.

On arriving at Mr. Beveridge's house they were told that that gentleman had gone down about an hour before to the timber-yard. He was now secure, and to the timber-yard the Linns immediately repaired. Be it observed, however, before we bring on the crisis of our tale, that the Linns had spent upwards of an hour in searching for Mr. Beveridge, which, with fully another consumed in the conflict we have recorded, had exhausted a "pretty considerable" portion of the morning, and yet not a single log had been marked off!

Oh, passion! thou blinder of reason! that steppest

in between man and his purposes, and crossest the latter with thy arbitrary and bootless influence! what deep cause had these unfortunate North Britons to rue thy interposition! Why did it not occur, both to Pliny the elder and Pliny the younger, that, while they were debating the relative merits of white and red, the job itself which demanded the instrumentality of the "rival colours" was slipping through their fingers? Time and tide, it is proverbial, stay for no one; why should an exception be made in the instance of two pugnacious Scotchmen?

On reaching the timber-yard, the Messrs. Linn found—found what? Why, Mr. Beveridge with two assistants busily employed in doing the work they should have done. Here was a denouement! Shortly did the full facts of the case burst upon the luckless brothers, and effectually cool their irritation. Adieu to the delicious prospect of a relishing breakfast, and still more savoury dinner! Adieu to the anticipation of an evening glass of whisky-toddy, enjoyed over a retrospect of the labours of the morning! Instead of these creature-comforts, enhanced as they would have been by all the force of a painful contrast, our heroes were doomed, again, both to dine and sup with *Duke Humphrey!*

It was eventually ascertained that some rival applicant for the measuring-work, instigated by combined feelings of jealousy and envy, had flitted, on that eventful morning, round the scene of action; had witnessed—no doubt with infinite *goût*—the growing quarrel between the owners of the two chalks—watching minutely its progress, from the first insinuated dissent to the ultimate open brawl; on the commencement of which the spectator had quietly decamped, and carried intelligence thereof to the proprietor of the timber.

Our readers will guess the sequel. It was in vain that the Messrs. Linn endeavoured to explain the reason of their dilatoriness, and the nature of their dispute to the matter-of-fact and business. Like the principal with whom they had to deal, both indeed spoke at once, as if seeking to make up by clamour for the want of common sense; but Mr. Beveridge cut short recrimination and appeal, by telling the incensed disputants to get clear of the ground, and not farther interrupt the progress of that work which they were originally intended to expedite.

Jamie and Andrew, perceiving that the game was up, slunk off, hungry and discomfited, to reflect at leisure on the virtue of unanimity. The affair meanwhile got wind; it was related by some as a sad, by others as a merry story; but by one and all, ever after the Linns were distinguished by the rather inharmonious *sobriquet* of the Two CHALKS.

THE VICTIM.

(Extracted from Notes in the Diary of a Surgeon.)

ONE morning, whilst ruminating which way the balance of my fortune might turn, a sister of mine came in and disturbed these ruminations. I had not seen her since my marriage, as she had been visiting Sir Charles and Lady Eltoun at their country seat in Surrey, which she had left only for a day, from her anxiety to ask my opinion respecting Lady Eltoun, who had been gradually declining in health for many weeks. As she persisted in refusing direct medical advice, my sister thought that I might return with her for a few days, when I should have frequent opportunities of seeing her ladyship, by whom, having been known when a boy, I should be received rather as a private friend than a medical man. Not being indisposed to break the chain of my moody reflections, I accompanied my sister next day in Sir Charles Eltoun's carriage. Autumn, with her yellow leaf, her fields of golden corn, her cool and freshening air, rendered our drive through the fertile vale of Middlesex delightful. It was only fifteen miles to Copeland Hall, the only approach to which beautiful place is through the village so called. After passing the old parish church the Hall bursts unexpectedly upon the view.

We alighted at the Hall door, and I followed my sister to the library, where Miss Shepherd, her ladyship's sister, was sitting. To her I required no introduction, as we had often met before. Lady Eltoun was walking, I recognised her figure in a distant part of the park, and we left the house to join her. In so doing, I had more leisure to notice the house and grounds. The edifice was Elizabethan, and in perfect repair: immediately before it spread a velvety lawn, here and there varied with flower-beds; and the whole faced a very extensive park, crowded with the most luxuriant trees, under which small herds of deer were sleeping or feeding. From the extremity of the lawn, extending into the distance, lay a sheet of transparent water, on each side of which was a walk. We followed one of these, and found Lady Eltoun sitting under the shade of a chestnut tree, with a beautiful spaniel in her lap. Nothing could be more gratifying than her reception of me: she offered me her hand, and as I held it, it felt cold and clammy. I did not venture to inquire after Sir Charles, having been strictly cautioned to be silent on that score; but her ladyship must have been thinking of him, for there were the stains of a tear still on her cheek, which looked also pale and sickly. Knowing she was an invalid, I hinted at the coolness of the air, for the evening was fast closing in, and there was a mist rising from the lake. This first part of my advice was at least followed, and we returned to the house.

At the dinner-table Sir Charles's chair was vacant. His lady's eyes were for some time fixed on it, and fancying we noticed her, she apologized for his absence. Of course the subject was not farther alluded to; nevertheless it threw a gloom over every thing. It was so late before dinner was over, that the evening had past by the time we had taken coffee. Lady

Eltoun retired early: poor young woman! I fear her night was destined to be any thing but a quiet one. The other ladies, and I, remained in the library for some time afterwards. I hesitated to inquire about my fair patient in Miss Shepherd's presence, but my reserve was soon set aside by my sister at once alluding to her state of health.

- The symptoms her ladyship was said to labour under I could understand readily enough, but not so the cause of them. Men of greater experience than myself, might perhaps have been aware of it, but I was left only to suspicions. It is true, Lady Eltoun and I were frequently in company; but it seemed so foreign to her inclination to allude to her illness, that I hesitated, day after day, to accomplish the object of my visit. I had already been a week at Copeland Hall, and could not protract my stay much farther.

On the last of these days, I was turning over some of the rare volumes in the library, in expectation of Lady Eltoun's coming there, when my beautiful patient entered the room by the library window which opened on the lawn. The freshness of the morning had slightly tinged her cheeks, but the hue of sickness was there, and her look altogether was that of suppressed anguish. The canker-worm was somewhere lurking in her frame, and all her efforts to conceal it were vain.

After the usual salutations of the morning, for she had breakfasted in her room, Lady Eltoun seated herself, apparently fatigued, at a work-table in the recess, and at once busied herself in making artificial flowers from wafers. These she managed so prettily, that I could not help admiring them; observing, at the same time, I would rather see her busy with nature's flowers, which were growing so luxuriantly on the parterres under the windows.

"Oh! Mr. —, I am indeed fond of them, and could spend all my time in watching and tending them; but it tires me to be out, and the air feels so chilly, that I am ill and feverish for the rest of the day, and yet fly to the fire for warmth."

"Then your ladyship is at times feverish?"

"Oh! I burn with it, especially towards night; and I cannot sleep for restlessness."

"But do you suffer pain at any time, my lady?" Perhaps I had been too hasty with my question, for her face grew paler, and she was evidently agitated.

"Oh, no! Why do you ask me? do I look ill?"

"Your ladyship must pardon me, but I fear, from your not sleeping well (her sister, indeed, had told me that for several nights she had been walking about her room, apparently in great anguish,) you are not quite free from pain. Pray be candid with me; what is the part affected?"

"I scarcely know;—I think that in my arm—yes, here—I felt last night a little numbness; my hand seemed very heavy, and I could not dress my hair."

I took that hand, and the purple veins beneath her fair skin seemed fuller than usual. She withdrew it, smilingly—

"Oh! Mr. —, my hand, there is nothing the matter with it. I rode a new horse, and the reins perhaps have strained it."

I pressed gently on her arm, and on her elbow; the touch did not pain her, but the mere weight of my hand nearer the shoulder, made the colour leave her cheek.

"Ah! there," cried she, "I cannot bear it!" and she sank senseless in her chair.

In fainting, her dress fell partly back, and as I, with becoming delicacy, replaced it, my fears were all

confirmed. There was the blight, there the disease; and what could check it?

I opened the window wide; the air immediately revived her; and, begging her to remain tranquil on the sofa till her servant came, I left the room, and sought to quiet my own anxiety by a walk through the park. I had occasion to pass the entrance-gate, a circumstance I scarcely should have noticed, but for that of a genteelly-dressed young man stopping me at it, and inquiring to whom the seat belonged; a question I had no hesitation in answering. As I returned, this youth was still there in company with another person much older-looking than himself. But I hurried by, in order to pay my poor patient another visit. In her presence I carefully concealed my suspicions; and, before I left her for the night, prescribed a mild opiate, the effects of which I could not stay to see in the morning. In Sir Charles's letter-bag there was a note requiring my presence in London, whither I immediately returned. I think it was about ten days afterwards, that I paid, according to promise, a second visit to Copeland Hall. I fully expected, this time, to see Sir Charles somewhere about the grounds, and had framed my speech for the occasion; but, instead of him, sauntering by the fish-pond, was the genteel young man in black, whom I last parted with outside the gates, and in the hall was his shabbier companion.

I inquired of my sister respecting Lady Eltoun; her manner was very embarrassed, and her answer merely that her ladyship was dressing; with which reply she left me. I now heard the sound of wheels; and as I stood at an open window, the britchska drove up to the hall door, and at the same moment I saw the footman hand Lady Eltoun into it: a female servant sat behind, and the carriage drove hastily through the gates.—I was at a loss to account for her leaving the

house without seeing me, especially, as I had come down to Copeland Hall by appointment; it was, however, probable that she was gone to Sir Charles, in town, and would return perhaps with him to a late dinner: but when the dinner-bell rang, my sister and I were the sole persons summoned. The footman, an old and faithful servant, who waited, looked confused, and the dinner was hurried on and off, in the most comfortless manner. That something had occurred to throw the house into disorder I had no doubt, for every one seemed either hurrying or idling.

The next morning brought my sister a letter, which stated that Lady Eltoun would be prevented, by particular circumstances, from returning for some time into Surrey; and in this state of things, I once more quitted the hall.

In explanation of these matters, I subsequently learnt that Sir Charles, whose property was about 8,000*l.* a-year, had been living at the rate of near 18,000*l.*; his creditors had consequently become enraged, and determined to imprison or outlaw him, and officers had been directed to take possession of his house.

To protect himself from arrest he had repaired to the continent, where Lady Eltoun joined him, and they proceeded to S——, a French town of some importance, where my sister was to rejoin them. These circumstances were to me of but little consequence, but there hung an interest over my titled patient, which rendered me very solicitous about her. Calling one morning on my mother to inquire if any thing had been heard from my sister, there was a letter of hers for me upon the table. Without alluding either to the town or country she was visiting, for the first time, she merely wrote to tell me, that not another moment must be lost to Lady Eltoun; a French sur-

geon of some eminence having seen her, had pronounced an operation necessary to save her life, and prepared at once to perform it. But his patient dared not submit to it, there, and she was resolved to return to England for the purpose, if that sad alternative must be resorted to; nay, more, she was to start on the morning following the date of her letter.

This news surprised me not—and I called on Mr. C——, my eminent friend, and talked the matter over. A very few days brought her to town. I saw her first. Lodgings of the most comfortable condition had been provided for her in Sloane Street, and every care and even indulgence was lavished on her which her sad case required. Mr. C—— and I saw her together, but we kept our opinions secret till the next day. When her fears were confirmed, her feelings were overpowered and she burst into tears. After this temporary solace her woman's fortitude by slow degrees returned.

* * * * *

The cancer extirpated, in a few more minutes we had left her, and the room was darkened. An opiate seemed to tranquillize her till night, when I saw her again:—Sir Charles's letter and a rose were on her pillow; I stepped so lightly, that she could not hear me come to her bed-side: her large and dark eyes were wide open, and bent on me;—they spoke a silent resignation, but I did not speak to her. Her first night was a favourable one: and though the second was ushered in with fever and a slight delirium, on the following day all her symptoms were promising, and she was soon sitting in her drawing-room, and receiving calls from several friends, who manifested a sympathy in her case. Amongst these, the most constant and kind in her attention was the Dowager, her husband's mother. The old lady, from their marriage,

had cherished both pride and prejudice against Lady Eltoun; hence they had scarcely ever met, till the chamber of sickness had brought the former to her senses, by enriching her with some touches of pity and condolence, which feelings, I suppose, moving as she did through the highest ranks of society, she had not found leisure to entertain before.

I wrote daily bulletins to Sir Charles, who throughout all his letters, I must do him the justice to say, manifested a proper anxiety. He desired Lady Eltoun might leave England the very day we pronounced it safe for her so to do; and with this wish she was far too ready to comply. Poor confiding creature! could she but have imagined those trials which still awaited her, an early grave in the land of her birth would have been a far happier lot.

But the wheels of her destiny were already on the move; and within six weeks of her arrival in London, she was leaving it by easy stages for Dover, whence she would hasten to rejoin her husband at S——. The journey renovated both her health and spirits, and she soon rose with the freshness of the morning, and mixed once more in the gaieties of S——. Their house was ever open to both English and French, and their table was spread with every luxury for those who only knocked at the door and introduced themselves! Sir Charles was still too indolent to live and dress himself without an Italian valet; and Lady Eltoun, restored to all her beauty, required two females for her toilet. And how was this life of extravagance and wantonness kept up? Solely by courting the old dowager, who allowed her son a very liberal income from her private purse, which was paid to him quarterly; but it was quite inadequate to Sir Charles's mode of life, and always condemned long before it was received. He was a man of so little courage, that he

dared not know absolutely what his income was; the payments of the day were protracted till the morrow, and by this procrastination, he again became so involved, that his tradesmen refused to supply his house any longer, and became unceasing, even insulting, in their applications. Notwithstanding, by some means or other, the same style was maintained, and their expenses, if any thing, increased; and it is impossible to tell where it would have ended, but from the interference of a higher Power, which in one sad and fatal visitation, checked them in their thoughtless career, and changed in a few short days the scene of pleasure, if so it may be termed, into one of sickness and sorrow. Lady Eltoun in dress, to gratify her husband, perhaps herself, thought nothing too expensive, and even the fashions, as they came out, were not numerous enough.

She returned one afternoon, after shopping the greatest part of the morning, with some costly bijouterie, which she was displaying to her husband, when she complained of feeling sick and tired. These trifling symptoms would have been disregarded, had not others of a more serious nature followed. Towards night she had become so fervid, that the head was slightly affected; Sir Charles was alarmed, and a surgeon sent for, who in a very short time informed him, that the disease had returned with increased violence; and the old proverb was verified, that evils never happen singly. The term for their house, which was merely rented, had expired, and the landlord would not, although informed of Lady Eltoun's danger, permit them to remain beyond the next day. Their money was so nearly exhausted, (even part of their plate had been sacrificed, to gratify mere whims,) that another house was out of the question, and they were glad to move into an obscure street, where they could live unnoticed. A friend called there to say

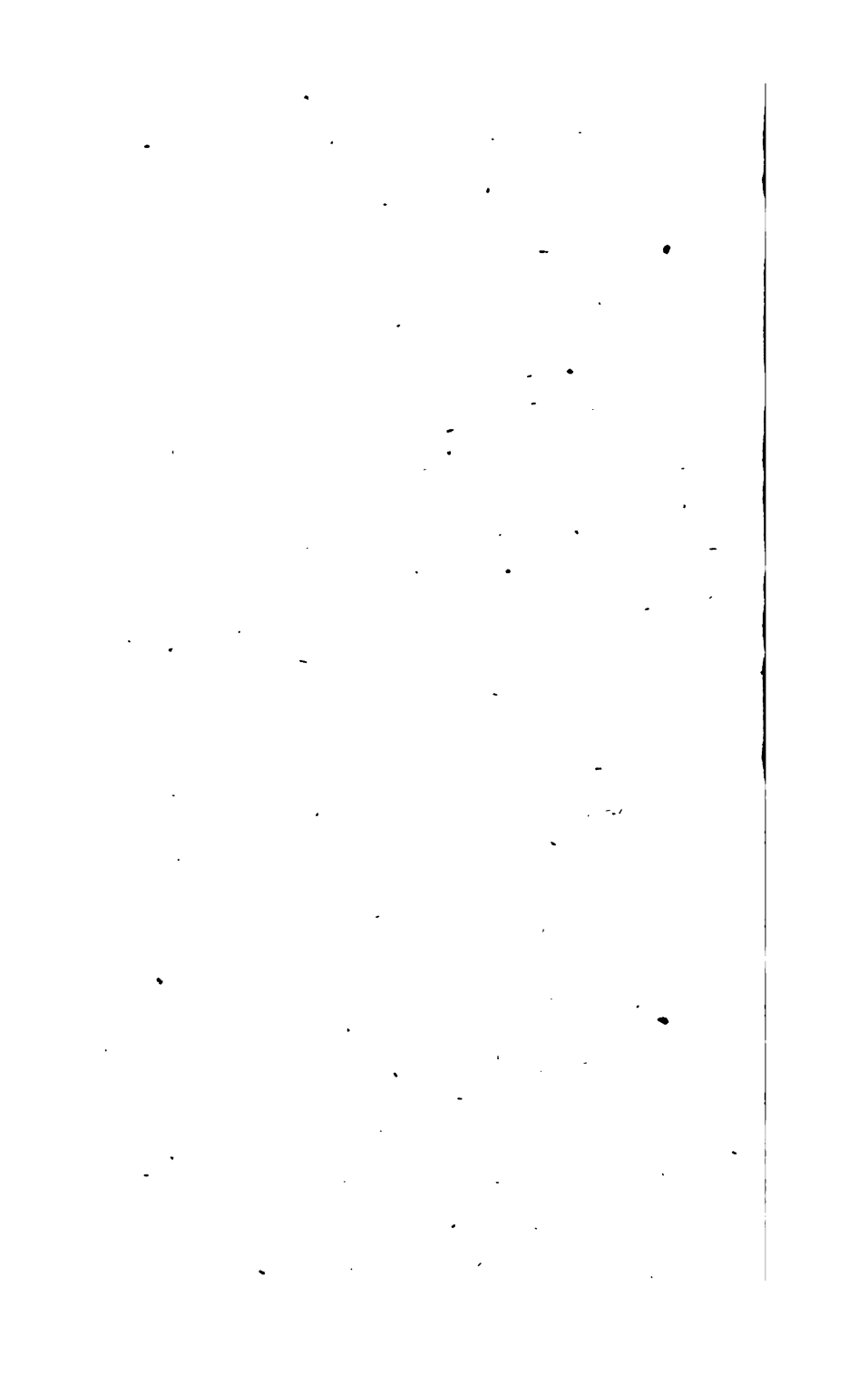
farewell. The sole inmates of the house were Sir Charles, his wife, a female friend, (who had attached herself lately to them,) and Lady Eltoun's maid, who had accompanied her from England. Poor Lady Eltoun was a martyr to constant sufferings. Yes, it was evident, this withering flower would shortly droop and die. A second voyage to England was impossible, although the poor creature, in her ravings from pain, begged to be taken home. All that the faculty there could recommend were poisonous doses of opium, to quiet her; and the quantity taken was such that she seemed to live on it.

Throughout this, her last trial, she was nursed day and night, by the friend who consented to share their miserable lot. She had known them in apparent affluence, and showing herself mindful of the past, was ready to sacrifice the time, that would have been devoted to pleasure, to her beloved friend. She watched with a sister's anxiety over her last hours—she exposed herself to the noxious and sickening breath of disease, which had now so scathed and wasted its young, and once beautiful victim, that ere another month had passed, she was snatched from her earthly struggles, and consigned, at the age of twenty-four, to a cold and foreign grave—and few were present to hallow it.

The grass had not yet grown over that unlamented and unheeded spot in the burial ground of St. Agnes's chapel, without the town of S——, when a lady and gentleman, gaily dressed, passed up the pavement, and ascending the steps leading to the chapel, entered it—the door was closed, and they stood where but a short time since, the prayers for the departed lady Eltoun had been heard—and uttered by themselves.

In the few minutes spent within that sacred build-

ing, what had transpired? How soon it may be told; and, what conviction does it carry with it? From the church they returned arm-in-arm, and in the most earnest conversation. They walked thus lightly on to the gate, where a carriage was waiting. The gentleman handed his fair companion into the vehicle, and ere he stepped into it himself, his eye turned towards the church, and then it fell, and seemed for a moment fixed, upon a small mound, under a low wall in the corner of the burial-ground. It was *her* grave, and with their earthly ties scarce severed, here the heart that, as least, was faithful towards him, lay cold and pulseless. Sir Charles, with the mockery of mourning about him, had turned his last look towards Emilia's grave, and was now seeking happiness with another.



THE MAN WITH MANY NAMESAKES;

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

SHAKSPEARE asks, "What's in a name?" and before any one can find breath to satisfy his query, he answers it himself, and in a manner which shows that he only propounded it for the sake of disparaging the unfortunate term, in the absence of which we should find it no easy task to define aught that partook of the material or immaterial. However, I am not inclined to cavil too much on this point, as in another play, he makes the *amende honorable* to the respectable noun in question, and seems fully impressed with its importance:

"Good *name*, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

But whatever opinion Shakspeare might have had of "a name," in common parlance, had he lived in these days, and written songs for the "Mirror," stanzas for the "Literary Gazette," stories for "Blackwood," sonnets for the "Keepsake," and contributed to the periodicals generally, he would have had a due sense of the weight of a name, when called into office as a signature to articles in the aforesaid publications. He would have felt the propriety of adopting some

signature, to distinguish himself from the common herd of poetasters. He would not have chosen initials, or one of the signs of the zodiac, or "Alphonso," or "Amoroso," to attach to his papers, inasmuch as that species of signature being public property, he would have incurred the danger of being bereft of his laurels, or, at least, of sharing them with those on whose prescriptive prerogative he had encroached. Certainly *his* works divide him from the grovelling scribblers of earth; in them his true distinction rests. But there *are* writers whose main strength lies in their signatures, not in their works—as, in French perfumes, the pretty fancifully coloured bottle is more admired than the paltry essence it contains. Let them, too, drop the plain Christian names which they received at the baptismal font; and their twaddle will be irresistible. For William, Thomas, Henry, James, Charles, and the ordinary nomenclature, let Michael Angelo, Sidney Beauchamp, Frampton, Percival, and Fitzfoxville, be substituted, and, by dint of a little preliminary puffing, the public may be gulled to a certain extent: nay, those out-and-out Radicals, who are ever yelping their puerile anathemas against the aristocracy, who are so unpolite as not to relinquish to these gentry their possessions, are the first gudgeons whom the bait of a high-sounding name entraps. It might appear invidious to mention the name of any particular writer, but allow me to ask who would read—and go so far as to admire—the lyrics of a gentleman who improvises on the cambric handkerchiefs and broken hearts of semi-fashionable life, if those affecting records were signed "John Jones," or "Peter Brown," instead of the genteel "———, Esq.," which is attached to them? But I forget myself. I have a tale to unfold. Listen, gentle reader!—and if you have any sympathy to spare,

please to summon it, for I am sure you will need it before you have heard half the griefs of "OMEGA."

When I commenced paying my addresses to the Muse, as rhyme, adulterated with nonsense, is called by courtesy, I ranked among the "bashful tribe of initialists;" but as the facilities increased for appearing in print, I became ambitious of a more palpable signature, and, in an evil hour, dubbed myself "Omega."

I delicately hinted my literary transformation to my friends, and they thenceforth, particularly the female branches, were on the alert to read my effusions. For a time all went on very smoothly, indeed beyond my most sanguine expectations; since not only was credit given me for my own productions, but for the superior and very profound writings of sundry other Omegas, who gave a tone to the most influential publications of the day. I not only was esteemed an elegant poet, but got the character of a first-rate politician among my acquaintance, who, while they complimented my talent, would sometimes remark on the inequality of my style. They might well do so, for they would not allow me to undeceive them; whenever I repudiated the authorship of a clever article to which "Omega" was subscribed, I was not believed, my disavowal being attributed to excessive modesty. This was all pleasant enough, and I felt satisfied that my ascent to Fame would be any thing rather than perilous, as, instead of a ladder, my kind patrons had supplied me with a broad, well-carpeted staircase, to reach the pinnacle so few attain. How could I help feeling gratified when some pungent letters which appeared in the "Times," and some exquisite poetry in the "New Monthly," were reported to have emanated from my prolific pen? But

this was too good to last for ever. Mutability, alas! is the curse of existence.

Affairs were proceeding swimmingly with me, when I was informed that an annual, called the "Star," would shortly appear, published by an individual, rejoicing in the questionable name of Tallent. I volunteered some stanzas, charitably wishing the work talented writers, as well as a *Tallented* publisher. My communications were thankfully received, and as I did not divulge my name, whenever I called I was announced as Mr. O'Maigre, my beautifully classic cognomen being converted to a wild Irish name. I must own that the blood of "Omega" rose at this vile perversion, but this was only the commencement of my troubles. The "Star" remained stationary, and not going off, soon "hid its diminished head," and I looked out for other nurseries to which I might send my offspring. A threepenny work, promising great things, started, and, wishing to give it a fillip, I forwarded one of my best articles. I purchased the number in which I expected to find my verses:—not only had the ruthless Vandals omitted to insert them, but in the "Notice to Correspondents" they absolutely made this abominable pun on my chaste signature:—"To 'Omega' we must say, Oh meager!" My brains were on fire—my pulse beat one hundred and seventy in a minute—my heart knocked louder than a luckless wight who has been rat-tatting for half-an-hour in a drenching shower—I was inspired with all the fury of Cain, and, had I been able, would have blown into a thousand atoms, that type of corruption—the Caitiff Editor. But the Fates avenged my cause—three weeks afterwards the miserable periodical was swamped for want of a sale.

Soon was I destined again to suffer. In a penny compilation of trash, published on the Sunday, seven-

ral low, ungrammatical, and blasphemous articles appeared in succession, purporting to be written by "Omega." They were attributed to me, and I was not only charged with being a renegade from my former principles, but an infidel. In vain did I protest that the stuff was none of mine—I was not credited, and I fancied my acquaintance seemed more resolute to disbelieve me now, than they had been when I disowned those admirable papers which would really have reflected honour on me. I thought of changing my signature, but felt some reluctance, as it had given me a little importance among the scribbling race. While thus wavering, a most annoying circumstance occurred which at once determined me.

Looking over the advertisements in a morning paper, one attracted my notice, headed "Fate of Genius." It described, pathetically enough, the fate of a hapless rhymester in want of bread, and besought the compassion of the humane, whom it directed to inquire for "Omega," at some obscure court in Fleet Street. I was thunderstruck, and unsettled for the rest of the day. I walked out, and met two or three friends who looked extremely shy at me, deigned a slight nod, and passed on. I, at length, was accosted by an old gentleman, once a most enthusiastic admirer of mine, who lived a few miles out of town. He congratulated me on being able to walk out, and, with a compassionate air gave me five shillings. I was about to ask what he meant, when he anticipated me, and, shaking his head, said:—"I thought it would come to this when you so suddenly turned round, and espoused infidel principles—nay, do not attempt to defend them—I wish you well, and hope you may live to see your error." He passed on, leaving me more involved in mystery than ever. I looked at my apparel—it was certainly shabby, but then it was a

rainy day. I called on several intimates—they were out—that is, they denied themselves. The unkindness of my friends did not, however, affect my appetite—that I could still call my own, and as I felt its claims rather urgent, I entered a coffee-house to liquidate them. I listlessly looked over the journals, and in all of them I saw the advertisement of the half-starved “Omega.” Then the idea struck me—that I had been confounded with this unhappy individual by my acquaintance. I instantly resolved to sacrifice my fame to my peace of mind, and, throwing “Omega” to the dogs, altered my name without the expense of letters patent, but months elapsed before I could rectify the mistakes into which my connexions had fallen.

Thus have I narrated the Alpha and “Omega” of my sorrows, and that all who launch their bark on the ocean of literature, may select for her a happier name than he did, is the heartfelt wish of the *ci-devant* “Omega.”

THE PLEASURE PARTY.

BY EDWARD MAYHEW.

“How do you spend your Sunday?” said Graham to me.

Graham’s question startled me a little. I am not quick even at a white lie, and my conscience made me hesitate about speaking the truth; I felt ashamed that I had not given so many shillings to attentive pew openers, as is consistent with a sincere sense of “*the highest respectability*.” Graham probably saw my embarrassment, for without waiting for my answer, he continued:—

“I and Snats, and another fellow named Layers, intend devoting the day to a ramble: if you have no objection to join the party, we shall be glad of your company.” I accepted my friend’s invitation, and agreed to meet him on the morrow at the Elephant and Castle at the hour of twelve.

Graham was from the north; I had been introduced to him many years ago by my old friend Willie Gordon, who told me I should find my then new acquaintance a true Scot. If the reader is acquainted with the world, I need hardly tell him Mr. Graham proved the very reverse. In body he was apoplectic, and possessed a heart buoyant as a balloon, and open as an

oyster in the dog days; he had (excepting a slight accent) but one thing Scotch about him, and that was a short dirty pipe, which he would stick into the left corner of his mouth, his nose almost sheathed in the bowl, and puff with the serenity of a bashaw, enviably unconscious of the looks and remarks bestowed on him by a host of genteel youths, who were making themselves poorly with "*real Havannas!*" He was blessed with a peculiar equanimity of temper: I have consumed hours racking my invention for terms of abuse to heap on modern Athens and the Land of Cakes; Graham smoked his pipe, occasionally nodded to signify he was listening; but never once appeared hurt, or even roused by my remarks; I have compared Primrose Hill to Ben Lomond with no better effect; nay, I once went so far as to assert that Sir Walter Scott was not a much greater dramatic writer than Shakespeare; but *even this* was received with the same complacent attention. The Scotchman seemed to hold the presence or opinions of others so lightly when his own convenience or comfort was concerned, that, if it were not for the many kindnesses he was repeatedly doing, he might have been thought wholly indifferent, or indeed, unacquainted with the existence of the rest of his species. In moral principles, Graham resembled the most of mankind; he always lamented the dissipation of the lower orders over his sixth glass of whisky-punch, and invariably wound up an eloquent harangue about "propriety in married people," and "monsters in the shape of men," with a romp with the bar-maid, and a row with the landlady.

Hitherto my acquaintance with Graham had been within doors: I was anxious to see him abroad.

I had often wondered what it could be which caused the outlets of the metropolis to be thronged every Sunday;—What was to be seen—what was to be obtained

—that men packed up their families and toiled with so much labour along dusty roads, in the broiling sun, to the neglect of their serious duties? I did not know then, that to a creature cramped and confined in the unwholesome oven of a large town, fresh air and green fields were as simple, but as great a luxury, as a draught of cold water in a desert.

On the following day, on leaving my lodgings, I found that, walk as fast as I could, I must be just half an hour behind the appointed time for meeting Mr. Graham. I saw a coach stand in the distance, headed by a crazy yellow cab, between the shafts of which stood the living skeleton of a horse. The *hay-day* of that horse's youth had long since passed; its leathern suit was worn in holes; its pride was gone; it was injured to suffering: all day the shaft was at its side, and at night it stood knee-deep in litter—the halter round its neck—the rack before its eyes! What a life! no wonder such a beast was anxious that its course should be run, for even now, when at a stand, it was perceptibly on the move. This untimely forwardness did not meet the approbation of "the master of the horse," who, not drunk, "*just comfortable*," was picturesquely reclining outside a neighbouring public-house, on a heap of inverted water-buckets. "Whoy!" I heard him cry;—the horse paused but for a moment, the next it was in motion. "Stand still!" cried the driver. It obeyed and disobeyed by turns, till at length it was clearly out of even a sleepy cabman's idea of "the line;" the master was compelled to put off his nap, like Parson Drowsy's sermons, "to a more fitting opportunity," and, to his great personal discomfort, arise and do his duty.

"D—n the whole world!" cried the cabman, in a rage.

The grandiloquence of the man's language made

me pause. Vastness of idea always captivates; and never had I met with a man of such capacious expression, of such loftiness of genius. What a naturally magnificent soul he must have possessed! Nero wished to behead Rome with a blow—this was sublime,—but the idea of sacrificing a whole universe to everlasting perdition, because one of its brute inhabitants displeased him, was a gorgeous aspiration that set praise at defiance!

I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen by a voice crying, "Now, sir!" and looking up, I perceived the cab was drawn to the pavement; the reason of my pausing had been misunderstood, nor had I time afforded me for explanation; I was seized under the arms by a couple of fellows, and with much adroitness literally chucked into the vehicle: up jumped the driver, and off we set, describing in our course more angles than mathematicians wot of.

"Ugh!—Take care of that woman!" I shrieked in agony. "Come out of that! you ——!" shouted the driver, enforcing his command with his whip, after which he thrust his head into my compartment, and added, "Bless you, sir! It arn't nothing *in our way* to run over any one, but people can't expect a horse is to be jerked up every time he's just a warming! I say wot, sir! I'm a thinking some on 'em gets in the way o' parpus to knock up trade."

I had now been carried as far as the top of Holborn Hill; down went the cab at a rate that was perfectly fearful—chased all the way by a couple of enormous omnibuses, that seemed to be racing for the honour of running over us; to think of stopping was madness, to go on appeared certain death; but, as there was no alternative, I closed my eyes, clenched my teeth, and grasping either side of the vehicle with my utmost strength, awaited the decrees of fate in a cold perspi-

ration. How I escaped I cannot conceive; it was miraculous; but at length, to my unspeakable gratification, we turned into Farringdon street.

The amount of courage required in a *man* to sit at ease in a cab, naturally made me speculate on what one of the other sex would suffer if placed in such a trying situation, and I involuntarily cried, "*can ladies ever venture into these conveyances?*"

"I believe so, zur," said the driver with a leer, imagining, no doubt, my exclamation was addressed to him, "they're particularly partial to the sort o'thing: had a fare a day agone that was a *slap-up lady*, and no mistake about her."

The man's words astonished me; could those delicate creatures intrust their fragile forms to the perils of so rude a guidance? Then it occurred to me that the man might be mistaken as to the claims possessed by the individual in question, to the title he bestowed on her, and I asked if he was *certain she was*, and *how he knew she was a lady?*

"Does yuo think to shave me snoozing?" inquired he. "How does I know she vas a lady? Vy, 'caze she behaved as sich. Ven ve had gone no more nor a bob's length, she turns to me in the most lady-like manner, and says, 'Vell you cripple, vot's yur drink?' I tucked the hint and pulled up at the vaults of the Royal Princess Wictoria. Vell, she vos none o' yur genteel glasses of porter, but says she to me, quite familiar, no pride in her, 'Give it a name, like a trump!' I guv the call, and arterwards drived her to Vitechap-pel, and she *tipped up like a lady*."

We passed over Blackfriars Bridge in silence; but when we had fairly entered the road, the driver poked his head round the corner and looked me full in the face.

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm a Tory!" said the man, with an expression of countenance that bespoke how much he thought I was honoured by his confidence.

The declaration, however, much as it surprised me, was not such a one as I felt disposed to reply to; my silence, however, was not well received, for the driver again showed his face, which wore, this time, an expression of determined defiance, while nodding his head, he repeated, "I'm a Tory!" thinking, no doubt, that I was opposed to his political opinions, and consequently his enemy.

Any interference with the politics, such as they are, of the lower orders, always appeared to me indiscreet, and I felt no inclination to do violence to my sentiments on the present occasion, by venturing on such a sensitive subject with a person who held human life in the opposite extreme to myself. I continued silent, but the man, nothing daunted, added, "I vos a Vig, but the Vigs has taken the bread out of my mouth. Them Vigs are ruining all old England!" and being by this time in a passion, he frowned horribly and dealt a "*violent slice*" upon the halting horse.

"Indeed!" said I, terrified lest my remaining longer silent should irritate too much a person in whose power I felt myself to be.

"Yes! I vos a Vig, but I'm a true old Tory now: them Vigs are a hunwholesome set, take my vord, sir; the fourpenny bits are a disgrace to this blessed country. I should never ha' been a Tory if it var'nt for them fourpenny bits."

"Indeed!" said I, perceiving that my speaking soothed the fellow.

"No, never vile I'd lived. Before the vigs passed them fourpenny bits, a man did get the odd tuppence on the two miles, 'case," added he looking me full in the face, "*no gentleman carries coppers; but since*

these fourpenny bits, trade's a-going to the dogs—come up, Lazy! I'll tell you, sir, it's no more nor spite in the Vigs, 'case my master didn't vote for Hobhouse at last Marbone; ve're up to it! Ve've all turned true old Tories!?"

I was at length set down near the Surrey Theatre, where, having paid him to his satisfaction, I made a low bow, and parted from his company.

"Holloa!" cried some one.

I turned my head and there saw Graham, with what appeared very like a small bed-post in his hand.

"For heaven's sake, what *is* that?" said I, pointing to the thing Graham carried.

"This?" said he, proudly flourishing the unsightly club; never see one of these? It looks like a walking-stick now."

"Does it?" said I.

"But it makes a chair."

"There seems enough of it," I replied, "to make half a dozen."

"Graham laughed; and then, with excessive good-nature, insisted on displaying the mysteries of his walking-stick in the middle of the London Road. It was in vain I requested him not to trouble himself, for I had not the slightest curiosity; he began unscrewing one part, untwisting another, wrenching a third—till at the expiration of ten minutes, during which a tolerable crowd had collected around us; he had convinced me how any person might, for two guineas, purchase a log of wood, which, with a great deal of labour, might be manufactured into a very uncomfortable seat. Nor was this all; wholly unmindful of the people assembled, he would not be satisfied till I had exhibited by seating myself thereon, in complying with which last request I narrowly escaped being slaughtered by a Greenwich Safety.

When we resumed our walk, I ventured to inquire concerning Mr. Snats and the other gentleman whom, at Graham's invitation, I was about to meet. Reader, I will not give you Graham's version of his friend's character; such things are never intended to be correct, except in plays and novels; but I will tell you what I afterwards found them.

Mr. Snats was a litterateur:—that is, he was one of the numerous nurslings of the Paternoster Apollo. He could make a book on any subject from Indus to the Pole; it was all even ground to him. Give him the order, he'd hunt up the authorities, compress a certain quantity of the latest information into a certain number of grammatical sentences, and, having finished his task, rise from his labours as oblivious, as to the nature of what he had been doing, as any of the equally well-paid manufacturers of articles not legible; such were Snat's pretensions, of which he was not a little proud. In his real character, he was kind but constitutionally nervous; in his assumed one, for all men have two—what they are, and what they wish to be—he was a man of resolution, who acted upon principle, and a hearty fellow.

Mr. Layers was an artist of some ability, but unfortunately possessing one of those lofty geniuses, which was far above my understanding, and its owner's daily bread. In his real character, he was sensual and good-natured—in his assumed, philosophical, sensitive, and gentlemanly in the extreme.

"There's Snats," said Graham, pointing to a lean individual, habited in pea-green trousers and a naval-cut coat, who was standing before the Elephant and Castle, in an attitude which seemed to say, "I stand here on my right," and who kept staring into the faces of the quiet passengers, as though he thought each came there on purpose to question it. On being introduced, he

held out his *arm*, and shook me vigorously by the hand.

"Where's Layers?" asked Graham.

"Oh, a fool!" replied Snats, "he won't be here; every man ought to be ten minutes before time; you were mad to ask him; I shall give him ten minutes;" saying which, he pulled from his waistcoat an apparently gold watch, fastened to a weighty chain; seemingly of the same metal, and having marked the hour, I saw him glance at me, to observe what effect the display had produced. While waiting the allotted time, we were pestered by the different cads attached to the numerous stages, and we should certainly have been soon mobbed by the whole body of them, had not Layers luckily made his appearance, and thus given us an excuse for retreating.

Mr. Layers was of middle age, and inclined to corpulency. His face was naturally handsome and expressive, but he contrived with much ability to render it the most perfect blank I ever beheld; his intellect seemed to have lost itself in a Scotch mist. When he arrived, it was plain he had run the greater part of the way, for his breath was short, and his face covered with perspiration—though he was careful to approach us in so languid a manner, as rendered his crossing the crowded road almost deliberate suicide.

"See that fool, how he saunters, when he knows we are waiting," cried Snats.

Layers was received with much abuse, Snats not failing to tell him that we had "nearly been murdered by the blackguard coachmen, *wholly on his account*;" to all which Layers could reply nothing, inasmuch as he pretended not to hear it. I was introduced to the artist; he acknowledged my presence by a slight inclination of his head, and in about ten minutes afterwards said to me, in a studied and deliberate tone, "I

lament, sir, if I have been the cause of *your* being detained; I assure you, sir, I lament it exceedingly; only—this weather prevents a *gentleman* from walking fast as though he was running an errand.”

We had not gone far before Graham stopped and pulled something from his coat pocket, which I perceived, to my horror, was the dirty short pipe. This he stuck into its customary corner, and walked on unconsciously that the following his inclination could really be less agreeable to others than it was to himself; however, Snats no longer walked by his side, but kept skipping and jumping a tolerable distance in advance; and, I am inclined to think, it was only by doing considerable violence to his feelings that he prevented himself from running away.

Two sweeps appeared in the distance; they had been cleansing chimneys in the suburbs, and now, bending beneath their well-filled bags, were shuffling home. The foot-path in this part was narrow; and the poor sweeps, who walked abreast, occupied the whole of it, so that any one desirous of passing would be compelled to step into the road—which was no great inconvenience, as it was perfectly dry; but Snats, who headed our party, saw the circumstance in a different light. He always acted on principle, and it appeared to him degrading to a gentleman to turn out of the path, and make room for fellows following their filthy avocation. He forgot their sooty garments; he forgot that contact with such was likely to defile; he forgot all, save his resolution to make those “fellows” give up the path to him. He no longer skipped, but marched in a firm, regular manner, and with a body as erect as the monument. The poor sweeps, crouching beneath their loads, came slowly forward, heedless of the looks Snats was bestowing upon them—of whose vicinity, indeed, they were not conscious, till

one of them was sent to the wall, and another into the road, and the pea-green trousers converted into half-mourning.

"Vere are you shoving to, puppy?" cried the elder of the chummies, as they resumed their way, leaving Snats, whose spirit, touchy as detonating powder, went off as quickly, standing the living semblance of despair.

Graham laughed heartily at the adventure, but Layers, with a dignified air, began explaining to Snats how very ungentlemanly such conduct was, mingling in his discourse a great deal about the utility of sweeps to society, and the chemical properties of soot, to all of which Snats replied with a peevish coarseness that rendered his present lamentable condition the more diverting; he could not conceal his discomfiture, and would have returned to town, had not Graham prevented him by asserting that the soot would wipe off; to prove which, he confidently walked up to a gentleman's house, and having knocked, requested the servant to *clean* his friend. The family were gone to church, and the maid-servant (who was newly hired) imagining, from Graham's easy manner, that he must be acquainted with her master, begged him to bring his friend in, when she would render him every assistance in her power. This she did by getting a quantity of greasy cloths, with which she began to rub down Mr. Snats; in consequence of which operation, the moisture from the rags soon blended with the soot, and the pea-green trousers, and naval-cut coat, were striped all over with a species of black paint. Having rewarded the girl, Snats was prevailed on by Graham's assertions, to believe that the damage was barely discernible. We proceeded—the unfortunate author labouring hard to persuade us that he viewed the affair as a joke, though he could not refrain from making re-

peated efforts to maintain seriously the *principle* on which he had acted.

Graham and Snats led the way, and I paired off with Layers, who commenced a demi-philosophical strain, the subject being—*Whether or no all animals were professed physiognomists?*—which, he maintained, was to be answered only in the affirmative: this opinion he supported with much ingenuity, instancing the sagacity with which dogs would select from large companies such persons as were fond of them, and many other things of the same sort, which he said could only be accounted for by believing, that quadrupeds were deeply read in the mysteries of Lavater: gradually I became interested in the question, and the earnestness of our manner induced the others to join us.

“Humbug! folly! stupidity!” shouted Snats to whatever was uttered by Layers, while Graham, on the other hand, attempted to support that gentleman’s speculations. At length Layers, whose conviction of the truth of his position seemed to grow stronger as its folly became more apparent, in the heat of argument, asserted, *that he would undertake to approach any animal in a friendly spirit, and the creature should meet his advances with indisputable reciprocity.*” This assertion Graham was desirous of inducing the artist to prove, as it promised some practical joke; but his flattery did not deceive Layers, who would probably have avoided the following adventure, had not Snats’ coarseness goaded him beyond prudence. He was in one of those predicaments which leave a man only two unpleasant alternatives—either to be thought a fool, or to prove himself one. Like most men in similar situations, he chose the latter; and there being some bullocks feeding in a field that was parted from the road by a wooded paling, he volunteered to con-

vert Snats to his theory, by an encounter with the animals.

He accordingly climbed the paling, and we soon found convenient peep-holes, through which we could obtain a fair view of the interesting essay.

The oxen four in number, were huge large-boned, leather-necked Lancashire-bred creatures, with horns that described a semicircle of at least three feet in diameter. From their appearance, they had been used for draught; this was easily seen, both by their condition, and the manner in which the yoke had galled their necks. Such animals are ordinarily as peaceably disposed as the militia. There is but one thing, that I know of, which disturbs an ox's deep enjoyment of repose, and that is, compelling it to wear shoes. It abominates luxuries of this kind with the sincerity of the Scotch, and the blacksmith who fits them is always remembered with hatred. It is not safe for him to show himself, where a child might play in security: this operation had been newly performed on the beasts, whose horny toes were yet far from easy.

Layers, having scaled the fence, advanced boldly to where the brutes were chewing something, which from their countenances appeared to have been opium. We saw him, at every step he took distorting his visage with admirable dexterity into a vast variety of expressions, to either of which the animal must have possessed superhuman intelligence to have attached a meaning: they were wholly different from any thing I have seen since, and far from what the artist intended them to be—pleasant, and inviting to look upon: nevertheless on he went, pausing at every third step, and placing himself in unmeaning postures, resembling those fashionable among elocutionary urchins, in their break-up recitations. I could not help laughing; Graham roared, till pleasure must have pained him; Snats

was smiling and complaining by turns, at one time enjoying the folly, at another abusing Layers, or entreating him to return. When Layers had advanced about a hundred yards, the most reverend and sinewy of the oxen, who had honoured the ceremony by its undeviating attention, left his companions, and with a slow but serious step advanced towards him. This completely puzzled the philosopher. Such speedy success was beyond his hopes, and he could scarce hope the animal had so quickly appreciated his motives. Still it came to meet him, and Layers stood to receive it. I observed, as the animal neared him, his action became more vigorous and decisive; from the friendly it merged into the amatory. He held out both his arms—placed his fingers upon his heart—or with clasped hands shrugged up his shoulders. When within about three yards of the artist, the animal stopped, and to my horror I saw it begin to paw the earth.

“He was right,” cried Snats. “Who’d have thought it?—animals do understand more than one would credit. It’s very odd!”

The last exclamation was all that Layers appeared to sympathize in; for he commenced a retreat, talking to the animal in a low whining tone as he went, but the brute was not desirous of parting company with one that had proved himself so anxious to make its acquaintance. It followed him to the palings, where Layers (probably owing to our vicinity) grew more courageous, and ventured upon a vigorous bit of pantomime, which he doubtless intended should decide the merits of his theory. It answered the purpose admirably. The animal made a bound. I shut my eyes, feeling no doubt but the fate of Layers was decided—a spectacle I was not anxious to witness. When I again looked up, Graham was mounted on

the top of the fence, and Snats was making multifarious, hurried, but fruitless attempts to follow his example.

It appeared that the ox, when it butted at Layers, had not, fortunately, thrown him down, but merely chucked him against the wooden paling, where, following up its attack, its horns had passed on either side of his body—no very comfortable kind of waist-band!—and fixed him without doing any bodily injury. The listless nature of the animal made it unwilling to exert itself; for, though it might, by raising its head, have tossed Layers over the palings, it remained quiet—only, occasionally endeavouring to master the power which resisted it, it would punch its poll into Layers' stomach, and cause him to ejaculate like a paviour.

What was to be done? This was a question more easily asked than answered; for Layer's present position, though far from comfortable, was very preferable to any for which there was the slightest chance of changing it; and in my fears of the next moment, I could not help fervently praying that the ox might detain him where he was to all eternity!

A butcher who was passing, mounted the paling close to where the artist was held prisoner (we were at a short distance lower down;) and he commenced rapping Layers on the hat with a thick stick which he held in his hand; but that gentleman was particularly engaged—his attention was wholly taken up—he paid no regard to the call from above, which, increasing each time in force, soon beat in the crown of his hat, and promised to do as much for the crown of the head that was below it.

"Look there!" cried Snats. "He's the master:" for in his nervous delirium, it occurred to the author that the butcher was the owner of the oxen, and was about to sacrifice the poor artist in revenge for his having committed a trespass.

"What are you about?" shouted Graham to the man, whose club descended upon Layer's skull with a force that would have drawn an acknowledgment from a bar of iron. Layers looked up inquiringly, as though he doubted if any body had touched him, and the butcher shouted out, "Take him *by the nose*, sir! Take him *by the nose*! You'll make him quiet enough."

Though dead to one sense, the captive was perfectly alive to another. I saw by his countenance he distinctly heard and comprehended what was said to him, and, poor fellow, he endeavoured to do as he was bid.

The manner in which men hold, or, more properly speaking, *pin* bullocks by the nose, is, to seize the animal by the horn with one hand, and, thrusting the fingers of the other *up the nostrils* of the beast, to grasp and squeeze hard the tender membrane which divides them—the pain arising from the operation being so excessive, as usually to render the most powerful brute helpless. To the butcher, this was an easy, every-day business: but to Layers, altogether mysterious.

He comprehended no other method of handling noses than that sometimes practised upon the human face, which he vainly endeavoured to adapt on the present occasion. His fingers and thumb slid about the slimy muzzle of the ox. There was nothing he could hold, much less pull; it seemed to him as though the animal, with a foreknowledge of his intention, had taken the vulgar but politic precaution of soaping its nasal promontory: unable to speak, he looked piteously towards the butcher. •

"Take him with your fist, sir! Squeeze him hard!"

Layers tried again, but he found the muzzle too

broad to grasp; strain and stretch his fingers as he would, he could not get a firm hold of it, and the idea of putting his fingers *up* the nostrils he never dreamed of.

"Not that ere way!" bellowed the butcher.

Layers "tried the other way," from breadth he went to depth, and the animal's mouth being open, naturally enough thrust his fingers into it, and would have had a great part of them broken, had not the butcher leant over and gave the ox a blow between the ears that took away all inclination for eating. At that instant a true-bred English bull-dog appeared in the field, a creature that in its person carried two things to extremes without the remotest chance of their meeting, the thickest nose and the thinnest tail; without growl or bark it made for the scene of action, and jumping up pushed its leg into the bullock's eye, while it hung ornamentally attached by its teeth to an ear.

This set Layers at liberty, who at first bewildered by the unexpected change, seemed to forget where he was; then suddenly recollecting himself, he ran a considerable way by the side of the fence before he could so far regain self-possession as to climb the paling; having gained the top of which, he rested for a moment, till something tickling him in the ribs, made him look into the road, and there he saw a fat maternal out for an airing, with her last half dozen, who was peeping from under a most ostentatious hat and feathers, and poking at Layers with her parasol. "Sir, sir," simpered the mother, "I beg your pardon, but, *once you're over there* would you look for baby's ball?"

"Confound the ball!" shouted Layers, with an indignant burst of nature that made him leap from the paling into the road, and the lady having collected

her family, hurried away declaring, "All Englishmen were brutes!"

We soon joined Layers; Graham did nothing but laugh; Snats, however, was a conqueror newly returned from battle: He saw the whole affair in a most extraordinary light. In his view of the event, nothing of failure or danger was perceptible—all was triumph! He lauded Layers' presence of mind for not getting away when the ox held him fast to the paling, and praised his own prudence for not interfering, when the reader knows he was unable to get over the fence; the butcher who owned the dog was given money to drink, Layers at the same time informing him, "*Gentlemen* did not *like* to have their hats destroyed six miles from home."

At Snats' suggestion we determined to celebrate this adventure, with due extravagance, at the next place of public entertainment we came to. We were not long in search of an inn, on coming to a part of the road adorned with one, we crossed over to it, and, pushing open a pair of ostentatious red baize doors, followed Layers into a chilly unfrequented hall. This was a new house, of more promise than performance. A waiter, redolent of yellow soap and rose oil, greeted our entrance by calling out in the confident insolence of a fresh concern, "Well! what do you want?"

"What do *we* want!" responded Snats, with befitting indignation: "Dinner for four, and no impertinence"—

"And a private room," added Layers.

The man stared—our words did not harmonize with our soiled and disreputable appearance. He bowed his head and approached us. Layers drew himself up so as to endanger his strap buttons; he was determined to receive the waiter's deference with the stiffest

gentility, but the man passed by him, and approaching Graham, said,

"Beg pardon, we never allow no smoking here;" then he vanished through a corresponding pair of baize doors, at the opposite end of the hall to that we had entered by.

Graham's pipe was extinguished. I proposed adjourning to an humbler but more comfortable-looking tavern a little further on. Snats seconded the motion with eloquent resolution. Had the fate of empires depended on the measure, he could not have been more energetic. But Layers was inflexible—nothing could turn him out of the house. It was so in unison with his ideas of gentility!

After we had waited a long ten minutes, the waiter again made his appearance, followed by a tall ladies'-maid looking female.

"You wish dinner?" said this latter personage, shuffling affectedly towards us. Snats pirouetted on his heel, muttered something very ungallant between his teeth, and settled himself with his back towards the lady. Layers took on himself to answer.

"Yes, if you please, madam," replied he, simpering, and endeavouring to keep his hat out of sight; "we have, for our pleasure, walked all the way from the West End."

"Can we have any dinner!" interrupted Snats, in a voice that seemed to threaten and command.

Snats' violence decided the question: the landlady was one of those, who imagine any thing approaching to impudence, an incontestable sign of something bordering upon nobility at least; she became confused—there was something about us too deep for her philosophy, yet she was certain Snats must be *somebody*; so courtesying, she said with a smile, "Yes, gentlemen, you can have any thing you please;" then catching a

glimpse of Layers' hat and the deflowered pea-greens, her countenance underwent a change, and she hurried from the place, saying with a toss of the head, "Show them into the *blue*."

When we had been, according to orders, ushered into the blue, Snats inquired, what there was for dinner?

"You can have any thing you please, gentlemen."

"What have you in the house?" asked Graham.

"We never keep much in the house, but you may have any thing you like *that can be got on a Sunday*," replied the waiter.

"What do you mean by any thing we like?" cried Snats in warlike accents.

"Why—a chop—or—a steak—or—"

Layers, who, having brought us into the house, felt his honour concerned to maintain its character—to prevent any farther discussion as to its limited capabilities, hastily ordered a beefsteak.

"A *Rump* steak! cut thick! not too much done!" interrupted Snats. Of all that Snats said that day, and his sayings were neither mild nor few, none appeared to hurt Layers save this: it had touched him in his tenderest part—it cast an imputation on his liberal gentility. I saw him change colour; then, with a desperate effort to conceal his chagrin and restore his tarnished honour, he said with a drawl, "And let there be a few onions!"

"Onions sir?" inquired the waiter.

"Yes, yes, a rump steak and onions!"

The waiter bowed, and was about to quit the room, when Snats recalled him.

"A small glass of brandy for me!" cried the author in a voice of decision.

The waiter retired, we saw him no more, the rump steak and onions party was given over to the chamber-

maid, a flashy girl with large chapped hands—all smiles and colours—who, to judge from her looks, knew the value of a good character, and would defy the world to say an ill word of her.

When this young woman brought in the “small glass of brandy,” she was greeted by a simultaneous gaze, which she permitted without a blush. Snats, as he tossed off the liquor, said “Your health, my dear!” and before he returned the glass, looked so insinuatingly in the girl’s face that she laughed, when he threw himself back in his chair and wriggled about in ecstasy at this proof of his prowess.

“That’s a very fine girl,” cried Snats, before the woman had half closed the door.

Layers coincided in the opinion, but could not help reproving Snats, for want of delicacy towards an unprotected female. He talked much and feelingly about the exposed condition young and beautiful creatures were placed in, when, perfectly virtuous, they became chambermaids at inns; and he contrived, before he ended this appeal to our sympathies, to half offend all present, by supposing the sister of each reduced to such a situation. Snats answered all this with a sneer, and a broad assertion, that no servant in England *could* have any virtue—calling upon Graham to support his declaration. The Scotchman could not go “the whole hog” with the author; but as to the artist’s appeal, he was certain no *really* virtuous woman was endangered by being assailed, and he moreover thought that *single* men were at liberty to make as many assaults as they had opportunities.

Dinner ended this discussion. I tried to eat the steak till my teeth ached, and in an endeavour to finish my meal with the cheese, I gave myself the heart-burn; then, the wine was milk-warm; we had it changed, and got a bottle of such astringent Port as

promised to mingle all tastes into a lasting one of roughness. This was voted bad, and grog called for by acclamation. Hebe obeyed our commands, and took not the part of the cellar: she smiled as perceptibly, perhaps more so, when she brought the glasses and hot water, as when she first burst upon us in the unrimpled lustre of her Sunday's clean.

Evening closed in and night found us sitting: Graham became generous to self-denial; he laid down his pipe and consoled himself with a cigar. Snats and Layers had left off quarrelling, because they were seldom in the room at the same moment; the entrance of the one seemed the signal for the other's exit; like buckets in a well they were scarcely to be seen together, when this was down t'other was up: this behaviour did not escape remark; Graham kept winking at me and putting questions to his companions about the female waiter, which received only laughter for answers.

The kitchen clock had entered on the tenth hour, when Snats' prolonged stay out, suggested our departure: even Layers seemed no longer to anticipate his rival's return, and a calm despair settled upon his features: the bill was called for; Layers, holding a bit of crumpled paper, solicited our permission to pay: remonstance gave him pain, and from pure tenderness we forbore; the chambermaid laid a bit of paper on the table, without looking at it, Layers imitated her example, telling her to change *that*. The maid took up the note, looked at it once, then again, coloured, and appeared confused, then said, "Perhaps the gentleman would wish to inspect the bill."

"No, no, no!" said Layers coldly, "I make no doubt it's correct," and by way of suiting the action to the word, he raised the paper to his eyes. The amount was 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, to pay which, the girl, though

no great arithmetician, did not see the necessity of *changing* a one pound note. Layers having obtained our permission, had every inclination to pay, but finding his cash unequal to the demand, to overcome the difficulty he essayed to make the demand equal to his cash; he noticed that two bottles of Port were charged, intimating that certainly not more than three parts of the last had been consumed, that the dinners were all at equal sums to each, whereas he had eaten no bread;—then, perceiving that the task was too hard for the nicest calculation, he threw the bill over to Graham, saying, with affected ease, “Graham, my boy, got any change?”

The bill being paid, and having taken our beavers, we made inquiries about Snats. At the mention of his name, the girl’s face, which, when she had last entered, I had remarked to be less pleasant than heretofore, turned to a dun colour, and hastening away, she said with trepidation,

“I know nothing about him; you had better ask master.”

Now, when Snats last parted from us, it was after his fourth glass of brandy and water, which, added to his usual vigour, converted him into a second Juan in his designs upon the chambermaid, nor had he any fear as to the young woman’s receiving his advances, to check his rashness: no sooner had he left the room, than he perceived a light glimmer through baize doors at the farther end of the hall, and the elevated Snats, rushing forward, soon clasped the smiling woman in his arms.

“Where are you going to, my dear?” said he, while he insinuated a small donation into her hand.

“Up stairs, sir,” replied she, and with a twirl, she broke from his embrace.

"Stop, stop, I want to speak to you," cried Snats, in a vehement whisper.

"Wait awhile," answered the chambermaid, with a chuckle, as depositing the money in her bosom, she ran up the stairs and disappeared.

"Wait awhile," repeated Snats to himself, "she means to return then!"

How could he doubt the fact, knowing, as he did, what *all* servants are, and having seen his present accepted and lovingly deposited—he did wait: ten, twenty minutes passed, and yet the lady came not; but he was certain she would come, and he kept repeating this certainty to himself, to drive away doubt.

At last a foot was heard upon the stairs, and a light shone from above. The gallant Snats smiled in admiration of his own acuteness, and gave each of his limbs a preliminary stretch, resolved to enforce his desires this time with irresistible exuberance; then it occurred to him, that, as the damsel seemed a coquet, it would be a good plan to conceal himself, lest she, seeing him below, should, through pure feminine perverseness, tantalize him too long at a distance. This thought was so good, that he instantly acted upon it; and, full of delightful anticipations, crouched himself behind a brazen half-naked statue of Modesty, and there impatiently awaited the signal to spring upon his prey.

Now, the chambermaid walked with the hostler, who meant honourably by her, and she, like a prudent young woman, never admitted of any liberties that might come to her lover's ears; therefore, when she said to Snats, "wait awhile," she was ironical, and intended him to understand, that he was to wait a considerable time if he stayed there till her return. The person who was descending the stairs proved to be the landlady. This female had but recently returned,

home; she had obtained her husband's permission to visit a friend for a week; but having, during the time, been seen two nights running flirting with a juvenile customer in the saloon of the Haymarket theatre, her lord and master—albeit not one of those who encouraged such affectations—in deference to public opinion, gave way to jealousy, and declared himself a heart-broken wretch. Poor creature, he was inconsolable; thought distracted him; so, to divert his mind, he adulterated every liquor in the cellar, and to show how much he felt, took warm gruel when in bed for three nights running. Just as he had made up his mind that his peace had fled for ever, his wife returned. The husband was receiving money and consolation from a choice party of tippling, inquisitive neighbours in the bar. As there were so many present, it was impossible to pass her conduct over in silence; a row was unavoidable, decency required that something should be said, and, of course, a great deal more was said than decency allows me to record. The injured husband boldly declared his suspicions and his neighbours' certainties. The insulted wife cared for neither one nor the other, she was rendered invulnerable by a clear conscience,—to prove which, she fainted thrice, broke two of the best tumblers, and was carried off to bed in company with a smelling-bottle. The husband, in pity for his wife's distress, forgot his own; he followed the dictates of humanity, and went after her. The next morning his confidence was restored: could he suspect such a wife?—A woman who had always kept the money since their marriage, and invariably made his penny go the farthest. No! he could not! and persons ought to know better than to try and breed quarrels between married people! The landlady vowed everlasting prudence for the future. It was only because she

laughed and was free-hearted, that bad-disposed beings judge her wicked. She was resolved to be more circumspect, and was full of the most virtuous ill-nature when she descended towards Snats' hiding-place.

The vigorous author, fearful to look up lest he should prematurely discover himself, heard the foot descend the stairs; and when the sound told him it had reached the floor, buoyant with laughing love, he leaped from his concealment, and before he could discover his mistake, with amorous arms made the landlady prisoner by the waist. How brave, how strong is chastity! how fierce in its resolves! One little hand seized the hasty assailer by the neckerchief, the other dashed the candle on the ground, and then, with its nails, ploughed the delicate skin of the bewildered Snats, who struggled in vain to escape! She held him fast, nor stayed her bloody hand, till her lord—he so late suspicious of her honour—became a witness how well she could repulse, how well she could repay, the base designs of man.

"There! there!" cried the landlady to the landlord, "this is the consequence of your countenancing reports against my character; every villain thinks he has a right to insult me; but you're no man; I won't live with you; I'll leave the house, if you don't make him smart for it, and show people I'm not to be treated in this manner every night of my life. Why don't you move?"

Thus urged, the husband sent for a constable; and, in a loud voice, made many inquiries of Snats, as "If he thought ladies was to be insulted for nothing at all? Who was he, with his rump-steaks and onions? What did he mean, by disgracing *his* house in this unheard-of manner?" To all of which Snats could answer nothing; his vigour had evaporated, and in his nervous reaction, when he apologized, he seemed to inten-

tionally insult; when he explained, he appeared desirous of aggravating his offence. "With such a monster," the landlord said, "he could not condescend to argue;" and having ordered the waiter to stand at the door and see "the man" did not escape, he proudly departed, supporting his trembling wife, whose alarm seemed to increase as the cause for it diminished—so that when all was quiet, it was feared the lady must go into hysterics.

Now the landlord of this inn was in his own affairs a great diplomatist. It was not to his interest that there should be any law about this matter, nor was it to his comfort that the people opposite should talk of the "disturbance over the way." He knew the offender to have friends full of strength and liquor, with whom, when he placed the waiter at the door, he left the communication perfectly free, and retired with a pleasurable certainty, that no one could say he had not done all in his power to punish the villain who had insulted Mrs. ———, though he hoped that the next news he should hear of Snats would be, that he had escaped.

Snats, in this emergency, from want of imagination, was obliged to purloin those means of escape he was unable to invent. In the first place, he saw himself about to be sent to prison (for how long, or with what prospect he never stopt to inquire—prison was enough) and, cut off from all hope unless such as desperation alone suggests:—he knew a man was guarding a door, but whether that between him and us, or that between us and the road, he paused not to ascertain:—he knew he was a prisoner, and, of course, took it for granted all communication between him and others had been cut off. In the next place, not being able to suit his romance to the circumstances, he adopted the more common practice of endeavouring to suit the circumstances to his romance. He called to his

mind all that he had read or heard about "hair-breadth 'scapes," and found precedents to predominate in favour of disguise in female apparel; this Snats resolved to adopt, if he could procure the garments; he looked around, not an apron even was there—and he fell to lamenting his inability to procure what he had no reason to expect, as if the only trouble he had in this world was the want of means to render himself ridiculous.

As Snats was thus perplexing himself, Colonel and Mrs. Gubbins drove to the door of the inn.

The Colonel was a tall iron-framed man with sandy mustachios—his lady a thin, diminutive creature, with nerves sensitive even to the extremest gentility. Mrs. Gubbins was afraid to remain in a gig by herself; and the Colonel having business to transact with a gentleman above stairs, obeyed her desire, and brought her into the place where Snats was standing, saying he should be down in a moment.

Thus left alone, the lady threw her large veil over her little bonnet, and drawing her crimson satin cloak more closely round her, began humming to herself *Dos Santos's* last sentimental.

When Snats saw Mrs. Gubbins, her bonnet and cloak made an instant impression on him. He could not help saying, "Those are the very things for me!" but how was he to induce their present possessor to relinquish them. He referred to his memory, which told him, the most delicate of women were always the most generous to heroes in distress, often parting with their garments with more sympathy than modesty when the emergency was pressing. Snats saw in Mrs. Gubbins a heroine of the highest order, and, certain as to the result of his application if properly made, he resolved to request the gift of that cloak, veil and bonnet. He approached the lady with rudeness in-

tended for chivalrous deportment, and said abruptly, "Madam, I beg your pardon, but are you good-natured?"

"La!" said Mrs. Gubbins starting, and for the first time perceiving that there was any one in the hall besides herself; and then looking at Snats, whose bleeding agitated countenance and parti-coloured habiliments, gave her an indistinct idea of something very terrible, she gave utterance to a plaintive—"Oh dear!"

"My dearest madam," continued Snats, "have you a heart?"

"I don't know any thing about it, replied the lady with increasing alarm: "Do get away."

"You see me in the greatest distress; 'tis in your power alone to relieve me."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gubbins, who now imagined she comprehended Snats' business with her, and mistook him for one of those impudent beggars, who leave it to the option of the public whether they will be robbed with a show of charity, or without it; "Bless me! I have no money about me."

"Money!" cried Snats, in surprise, "I want no money;" and then gallantly advancing to urge his solicitation with more effect, he added, "Only lend me your bonnet and cloak, most lovely woman?"

"What!" almost screamed the lady, doubting the evidence of her senses. "Has it arrived to 'that pass,' when ladies were to be robbed and stripped in the passages, as it were, of their own houses?" She would have called for help, but was afraid to provoke to violence a wretch of such desperate purpose, and her scream, half-suppressed as it was, escaped from her in the first moment of her terror.

"Don't scream, I beseech you! for the life of you!" said Snats, in agony.

"My life!" repeated Mrs. Gubbins, who saw in the writhing of the poor author's face an expression of the most diabolical depravity, with which it would be death to trifle; she therefore placed her reticule in the supposed robber's hands, exclaiming hurriedly, "here! here! take this, and go!"

"Take *this*, and *go*!" repeated Snats, looking at the little bag with a dreamy, half-drunken amazement: "does she think I can disguise myself in this?"

"Is not that sufficient?" inquired the lady, piteously imagining that Snats was not content with the booty he had obtained; "Is not that sufficient?"

"Certainly not," answered Snats, whose ideas were a perfect unit on this affair of his escape; "only lend me your bonnet and cloak!"

"Strip the clothes off my back!"

Had Mrs. Gubbins' whole property been at her disposal at that moment, it is probable she would have joyfully given it all to have been free from Snats' presence; but to part with a new crimson satin cloak was a very different kind of thing; it required more philosophy than even Mrs. Gubbins' distress could teach her; she twisted it tightly round her slender form, resolved to die with decency, and then gave vent to her feelings by shouting for "Mr. Gubbins!"

"Don't betray me!" entreated Snats; "you'll ruin me!"

"Ruin you!" shrieked she, finding new vigour in the hope of doing it; "Thieves! thieves!—Colonel Gubbins! Mr. Gubbins!—thieves!"

Horrified by this new turn in his affairs, Snats pursued, and endeavoured to pacify the lady, who, mad with fear, mistook the harmless nature of his intentions, flung herself about with desperate violence to avoid him, and made the house re-echo with her cries; then

hearing the sound of approaching aid, her energy deserted her, and she resigned herself helpless into the arms of Snats, who, trembling and sharing her alarm, was scarce able to support himself.

It was at this moment that we left the room, and, in common with many others, beheld the author tottering under the weight of the insensible Mrs. Gubbins. Among the rest came the Colonel, who, with eyes of fire, read the guilt that was discernible in Snats' countenance, and cried out,

"Sir! whoever you may be, you'll let that lady go."

Exceeding distress is ever heedless of consequences, incapable of calculating even the most glaring *sequiturs*; so was Snats, who, when he heard some one command him to "let that lady go," in his singleness of understanding, comprehended not that it was desirable somebody else should be ready to receive his burden before he obeyed: he *instantly* unloosed his hold, and Mrs. Gubbins' body fell with a heavy sound upon the floor.

Every person present gave vent to their indignation at this "deliberate atrocity." The colonel stared at Snats with the most unlimited indignation; the landlord told every one twice that Snats had insulted his wife just before; the hostler declared that the chambermaid had complained to him that Snats "wanted her;" the landlady explained how this was "all in consequence of her husband's base suspicions;" and the waiter, looking upon all of us who had dined on rump-steaks and onions as parties concerned, ran off for a re-enforcement of constables, leaving the hall-door wide open, and without a guard.

The causer of all this commotion was speechless; his soul flickered in his body—his senses came and went. At one time he was lost to the greatest things,

at another painfully alive to the smallest. In one of these latter flushes of sensibility, his eyes rested upon us, and with a cry of joy he sprang to where we were standing. This recognition was by no means pleasing to Layers, who was not inclined to claim acquaintance with a man who could insult a real lady; and to avoid being thought connected with the culprit, he walked out of the house. His want of good faith was deservedly rewarded, for the action made him appear the ringleader of an intended rescue; Snats lost no time in following him; and Graham brought up the rear in fine order. A mere spectator would have imagined the Scotchman perfectly unconcerned; nothing about him betrayed the slightest excitement, if I expect the walking-stick, which did seem a little agitated as it rang upon the floor.

"Stop the ruffian," shouted the colonel, who was engaged with his lady.

"John, shut the door!" cried the landlord.

And we left the house amidst a confusion of orders.

When fairly out, Graham suggested our making the best use of our legs. I jumped at so natural a proposal, but Layers would in no way entertain it. What! he make a blackguard of himself, and run away? No! He had done nothing; he defied all the constables in England; and Snats, who fluttered full twenty paces in our advance, for the only time that day, agreed with the artist, shouting out, "No! hang it! we won't run," though I cannot so far deceive my readers as to say he was walking when he said it.

At full trot, however, we travelled a mile or so without interruption, and began to give up all idea of being pursued, when we heard the sound of a number of people hastening after us. Again it was proposed we should *run*, and again the proposition was opposed by Layers, though Snats gave proof, this time, that he

was in favour of the motion, Layers, however, would not listen to it; but he volunteered to go back and reason with the men, who he was confident would be soon satisfied, if spoken to in a gentlemanly manner. It was to no purpose we endeavoured to change this determination; he left us full of confidence, encountered the men, was recognised as one of Snats' party, and by some mistaken for Snats himself—though the two persons were widely different—and given into charge of a constable before he had uttered a word. Having taken some one, the men returned; as the noise of their receding steps grew faint in the distance, we distinctly heard the voice of the artist murmuring the most gentlemanly expostulation, which drew from the constable this oft-repeated sentence, "Well, then, but *only* come to the watch-house!" though others called him a "*Sunday* swell," which term of abuse was the only thing I had heard to remind me it was the Sabbath.

We reached our homes in safety; Snats saying to me, as I parted from him that night:

"If, you know, it had been any other man than Layers, I should think myself bound in honour to go and release him, by acknowledging myself to be the real offender; but—when he, the fool! would go and meet the men, I'm no longer answerable; so I shall leave him to fate."

And never did fate behave more unkindly! Layers was carried to the watch-house, locked up for the night, brought next morning before the magistrates, fined for being drunk (which he was not,) and lectured for his crimes (which he had not committed,) though, as a favour, the colonel with great show of generosity, forewent his desire for punishment, on Layers sending to all the morning papers a formal apology, expressing his deep sorrow, and unfeigned

gratitude that he had been forgiven, after "having, in a moment of intoxication, conducted himself with unmanly rudeness towards Mrs. Gubbins." On his release, I asked him how he came to acknowledge himself guilty of an act in which he had no part? his answer was characteristic of the man: he replied, that, as a gentleman, having aided Snats to escape, he became, in honour, a participator in Snats' deeds; and consequently, how could he refuse a just acknowledgment to a lady who, among her numberless virtues, wore a crimson satin cloak!

And what did I say, when I reviewed in my own mind, the transactions of that ill-spent Sabbath? Why, did I not say that, after all, the fourth commandment *might* be right, and that it was not only a duty, but a comfort, to attend to it, notwithstanding it was so very old, unreasonable, and unfashionable; and did I not, in conclusion, make this remark, the full benefit of which I liberally bestow upon my gentle readers—That before people venture into a clique, it is as well, "to prevent disappointments," first to obtain a slight knowledge of the characters and inclinations of the component parts.

THE IMAGE-MAN.

Or the entire coast of England (which almost every tourist is familiar with) there is perhaps no part strewed with so many pretty objects and delightful watering-places, as the south; and especially the shores of Sussex, which, however, long previous to their being celebrated as the landing-place of that bold king, William the Conqueror, were often made the scenes of savage warfare between the more barbarous nations of the period. Amongst these spots of ancient renown, there is one worthy of every visiter's attention.

In a valley between two of the most lofty ranges of cliffs which skirt these shores for miles,—and so near the sea that the very thresholds of the houses are, in spring tides, washed by it,—lies the secluded little town of S——. Like many other places, it has felt the change of time and taste; for, a few years since it was not only a borough of some importance, but a bathing-place much frequented. Now, however, it is deprived of its parliamentary privilege, and visitors seem to prefer to its extensive beach and sands, the more lively shores of Brighton and Eastbourne, within a morning's drive of either of which it is situated. In approaching S—— from the fragrant and velvety

downs, that, rising behind, shelter it from the north, there are several objects of interest; which from their being considered as the *lions* of the place, it is scarcely fair to pass over without notice.

First, the straggling and now almost tenantless village of B—, with its solitary sign of the Ploughshare, where entertainment might be had “for man and beast,” and an honest old landlady met with in the person of Widow Walls. Poor old dame! it was in her neat parlour, over a dish of Sussex sausages, and a glass of Newhaven ale (so celebrated in the annals of John Barleycorn) that the materials of this story were collected. Perhaps the walls had often echoed with it before, for the widow seemed to have it all at her finger’s end, and had known the dramatis personæ, from having occasionally accommodated their friends with a bed. Nor did she forget to tell you she had taken tea more than once in the oak-panelled room, whereunto the reader is shortly to be introduced. The road hence to S—, lies through the churchyard of that place, where the vast number of tombstones would, at first sight, bespeak the spot unhealthy, and of great mortality. But whilst listening to the murmuring ocean at the foot almost of the spectator, he will soon resolve the sad enigma; or should his eye perchance roam to a distant corner of the burial-ground, it will fix upon one hillock larger than the rest. This is headed by a small slab, bearing the following melancholy inscription:—“Here lie interred the bodies of forty brave sailors, who in the night of the 22d of March, 17—, in a heavy storm off this town, were shipwrecked on board the brig *Ellen*, when it is believed all hands perished.”—And leaving the consecrated spot, to enter the town,—by the side of the road, in a small shrubbery of evergreens, which, with a row of lofty elms, shelters it from the rude gaze

of strangers, stands a comfortable though old-looking manor-house. It is one of the best mansions in the place; and its gray smoke curling upwards to lose itself in the evening sky, with its latticed windows reflecting the golden light of sunset, serve the shepherds as a landmark, when, having penned up their flocks for the night, they come from the hills to take their evening meal in the bosom of their contented and industrious families.

This dwelling is now inhabited by a wealthy grazier; but twenty years ago it belonged to a middle-aged lady, who, with an only daughter and two attached domestics, after having spent the greater part of her life in the heart of the city of London, retired thither, to end her declining days in seclusion and peace.—But it was not so ordained.

It was on a lovely summer's night in June (from which our tale commences) that Mrs. and Miss Graham sat near the open window of a large oak-room,) up stairs (which had been fitted up as a drawing-room,) listening to the faithful tide, and enjoying the breeze, which, from their vicinity to the sea, might be felt to freshen and cool the sultry air.

“Will you not finish your charming tale, my love? You know how delighted we were with it, and I long to hear its conclusion.”

Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas* was in Emily's hand, half closed, and she raised it to her eyes as if to read; but she remained silent, looking towards the sea, and the book fell listlessly into her lap.

“Why, my child, my Emily—you have lost the page;—but let me see—I can find it—and I will read to you.” With this the old lady took up the book, at the same time kissing her child's pale forehead. Happily, she saw not the tear stealing down Emily's cheek;

happily!—for she had watched the glad gambols of her childhood, she had seen her ripen into womanhood without a cloud upon her brow, or a tear within her blue eyes, save when she spoke of him who was snatched from her just as her fond childish heart began to know and love a father.

“Emily, dear, why, what can be the matter? Where are your spirits to-night? I must not see you thus. You walked too far on the beach to-day, and have tired yourself.”

Emily was still silent, and seemed unconscious of her mother’s solicitude, as, with strained eyes she appeared to be watching some speck upon the sea. The sun was fast sinking below the watery horizon; and, by its golden light, in the distant offing, in a few seconds, an object could more plainly be perceived.

There was a ship riding at anchor; and Emily watched it with such anxiety, that her mother’s curiosity was directed to the same quarter; but being unable to make it out without a telescope, she went to her boudoir for the glass, with which she at once obtained a clear view of the ship.

In an instant there was a flash. The vessel had fired a gun; and the report not only startled them, but Emily turned deathly pale, and, uttering a faint shriek, would have fallen from her chair, had not her mother, agitated as she herself was, been near to support her. Poor Emily’s was, however, but a momentary unconsciousness, and a little water sprinkled on her face speedily recovered her. As Mrs. Graham was leading her from the window, she saw her eyes turned once more to the sea, and at that instant a boat put from the shore, which was soon lost sight of in the mist now gathering upon the water.

In crossing the room to the sofa, a letter fell from Emily’s bosom. There was no agitation on her part

to recover it, although it could not have escaped her mother's notice, nor could the blush which dyed Emily's face and neck do other than betray her. With eyes fixed on the ground, she saw her mother pick up the letter; and as she returned it to her daughter, suspicion for the first time flashed across the matron's mind.

It is impossible for any who have spent both infancy and childhood at home—who have looked up to and revered but one, and that one a parent—to disguise those feelings and emotions of the heart which once, and only once, in life can fix there.

It was even so with Emily Graham;—for to her nature, dissimulation was a stranger; and that nature betrayed itself, as, looking in her mother's face, in a fond and faltering voice she begged her to take again the letter—to read it—to destroy it, if she wished—but to forgive her.

An appeal to such a mother as Mrs. Graham could not be in vain; who folding the trembling girl in her arms, all was for the moment forgotten. Shortly after this they parted for the night, and each sought her sleepless pillow.

When Mrs. Graham entered the breakfast-room next morning, she found Emily already there, and occupied on the balcony with her flowers. Her earliest amusement was generally to take the telescope, and watch the little fishing-vessels bearing to land, laden with their finny treasures. On this morning, however, she had not used the glass, nor once had dared to look towards the sea. But her heart had told her the worst; for at intervals throughout the tedious night she had dreamt, that object was no longer to be seen; and as the sails bore its proud bow through the distant waters, she felt hopeless and forsaken.

The morning's salutation from mother to child was

as affectionate as ever; and if Mrs. Graham's manner was at all altered, it had only become more sorrowful, for she could not entertain towards Emily the feelings of displeasure. She had, in fact, a true parent's heart, near which the devotion of her daughter had, like the ivy round the oak, been twining its earliest shoots; and but for the event of yesterday, the widow would indeed have felt happy. But, the letter, the *unhappy* letter—which she had read over and over again with the deepest regret—had thrown a cloud over poor Emily's prospects—and the mother feared, sooner or later, it might destroy them.

The next few days passed away but heavily at —— House; and with the hope that, by leaving S—— for a short time, it would again appear more cheerful, Mrs. Graham proposed to Emily to pay a visit to a relation at Brighton.

Miss Oldham, the person alluded to, received them most gladly, nor would she suffer them to go back without their promising to return and remain with her through the autumn. With this view, arrangements were soon made at —— House, which Mrs. Graham readily intrusted, with all its little valuables and comforts, to the care of her old gardener and his wife—their only, but faithful domestics.

Brighton, however, and its thousand gaieties, did but little towards dissipating Emily Graham's sadness. Her aunt, whose circle of acquaintance was of the most attractive kind, neglected no opportunity of taking her into society; nor could she feel otherwise than disappointed, when she saw her solicitude on this point useless. Emily was ever by her side (for Mrs. Graham seldom accompanied them,) and when compelled to leave it, as she sometimes was for the gay dance or to take her share in the musical performance of the night, Miss Oldham saw how painful such scenes were to her.

To wean her heart to what it had intently fixed itself on, seemed impossible and cruel; and rather than weary her spirits longer with their present mode of life, Mrs. Graham at once took Emily back to S——; for those familiar objects around our homes can often restore the fading spirits, when gayer and brighter scenes tend only to depress them.

Autumn had now fled, and winter came and passed away. But neither time, nor home, brought to Emily what her mother prayed for. To her, alas! both night and day were tedious; till "hope deferred" cankered the bud of health, and sickened for ever the too confiding heart.

Throughout this period, there was one whose name was held sacred—and that name, written by *his* hand, would have been to her a fresh existence—a proof that he yet lived.

But it came not—and day after day, month after month, did she turn from her window, where she had stood to watch the trusty postman on his rounds, in tears and disappointment. By the following spring, Emily Graham was so altered a creature, that none but those around her could have at first sight recognised her person. While nature had played upon her cheek, without the poison of neglected affection to mingle there its ashy hues, all was bright and beautiful; but now she lived a sick and broken-hearted girl. The head practitioner of S——— tried his skill in vain; and consoling poor Mrs. Graham with an assurance that her daughter was not consumptive, he advised her removal to Town, where other authorities might be consulted. This step was of course immediately adopted. By easy journeys, Mrs. and Miss Graham arrived in London, and very shortly afterwards took up their residence in Spring Gardens.—There, reader, must we for the present leave them,

Your wish, no doubt will be, that the life of poor Emily Graham may have had its charm renewed, and that her only parent may be blessed and comforted, by one whose love alone can sweeten her declining years.

Time, that faithful monitor of man, has kept upon the wing through ten of his chill winters, and it is on a fine evening in the early autumn of 1825, when our tale resumes itself.

But the scene is altogether changed. There is no expanse of ocean for the eye to roam over;—no beetling cliffs, nor lofty downs to enhance the grandeur of our present scene. No there will be found simply the fair and cultivated face of nature, studded here and there with a few cottages and modern villas, inhabited principally by retired tradesmen.

The house we are about to enter may be briefly described. It stands removed about fifty yards from the high western road, within twelve miles of Town, and is remarkable for its appearance of neatness and seclusion. It may, however, be more intimately recognised by a plain whitewashed front, with only four extremely narrow windows, like those found in almshouses; and by a good-sized flower-garden with lawn, between it and the road, from which it is greatly hidden by a row of tall and regular poplars.

It was on the evening just mentioned, when two elderly females were sitting at the parlour-window busied with their work; and in an old-fashioned chair, in a retired part of the room, a third figure might also be perceived, principally by her snow-white dress. But the features of this party could scarcely be distinguished, as it was nearly twilight.

The lady nearest the window appeared to be watching the garden-gate, which a servant who had gone down to the adjacent village, had very carelessly left

half open; but her attention seemed most awakened by some small white figures peeping at the moment above it. The curiosity of this lady was changed to fear, as she heard heavy footsteps on the path; but especially so when the tall figure of a man presented himself directly in front of the window.

Her alarm, however, after awhile subsided; for the stranger seemed only one of those harmless and wandering foreigners who earn a scanty pittance by hawking their images from place to place. After a few words, uttered with a deep voice, he lowered the heavy tray of casts from his head, to place it on a bench near the window; and, pointing to several of the busts, such as Milton's, Shakspeare's, &c., he begged the ladies in the most beseeching manner, to purchase one of them.

The distinct, though melancholy tone, in which he pronounced the names of his earthly treasures, proved at once, that if an Italian, he had acquired a pure English accent; nor did his appearance altogether stamp the foreigner. His figure was unusually tall, and, in spite of the dirty and almost ragged suit he wore, commanding. A large leathern cap, stuck sideways on his head, showed a high and swarthy forehead, and from beneath it escaped a profusion of light hair, curling loosely down each side of his sun-burnt face. Although youth and health had fled his furrowed cheek, his full gray eyes gave to the whole a pleasing yet sorrowful expression.

So earnestly did the man endeavour to obtain custom, that the old ladies at length took compassion on him; and whilst one of them threw up the casement to select a cast, the other left the room, and returned immediately with a large horn of beer, and a plate full of cold meat and bread.

The man's eyes thanked her eloquently for her

hospitality. He took the cup and hastily emptied it; for his parched and darkened lips betrayed his thirst.

The draught evidently revived him, and after partaking of the eatables, he inquired how far it was to London?

"My good man," answered one of the ladies, as she took a half-crown from her pocket to pay for a bust of Milton she had selected, "you are nearly twelve miles from London: it is now eight o'clock, and getting dark; you cannot walk so far to-night. Had you not better stop and sleep at the small inn at the end of the village? The old woman who keeps it will charge you very little for a bed; besides, here is an extra shilling to pay for it."

The itinerant leaned against the window-sill; and as he took the money, his chest heaved heavily, and he drew his thin and yellow hand across his eyes, for tears stood in them.

The ladies felt for him, and listened.

"I had once strength in these limbs," said he, "and a heart that feared nothing. But now I am quite weary! I am indeed unable to go much farther, for I have walked to-day more than thirty miles, with this load upon my head, destitute of refreshment. Oh! a curse on my unhappy fate!—but it was my own seeking. Why did I first leave my home!"

This language of the stranger betrayed him. He evidently belonged not to those wandering tribes who come yearly to England for their bread, nor had he been always used to suffering and hardship.

Here he would have departed:—he was stooping for his load; but the compassion of his hearers had been won, and their interest so much excited that they questioned him farther.

"Had he no friends in England, none who could protect him from want?"—He answered rather haughtily, and without disguise:

"Whilst my father lived, I wanted nothing. I was his only son, and he doted on me too much to imbitter any moment of my life. But I became a wretch—yes, a wretch! While but a youth, heedless of his prayers and entreaties, I dashed so madly into the path of dissipation, that ere I learnt to reflect, it was too late—my prospects were all ruined, and I was homeless and a wanderer."

Having uttered this, the stranger's agony betrayed its truth, and he abruptly paused.

"But your friends cannot all be lost to you!" exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, as she concealed her aged and tearful eyes with her handkerchief.

"Yes, they must all be dead and *she*—" here his voice faltered, "she must be dead also: she, whom I nightly prayed for, is lost, lost to me for ever.—Yes, there was one, whose voice and image were once always with me, and I worshipped them. Our lives were so connected, from the first moment of meeting, that unless we breathed the same air, and watched the sun rise and set together, our days were lonely, and our nights wretched. At last a sudden impulse of my temper separated us, and I fled from England's happy shores and from her—but still with a promise to return.

"I found myself shortly afterwards in Paris. Its gaieties consumed all my means, and I conceived that fatal passion which has brought me to what I am—*gambling*. In indulging it, I found myself eternally disgraced, and under that disgrace I tried to stifle what I felt. I prayed, I swore, to think of her no more! the oath itself made me faithless, and I deserted her!

"After two miserable years spent wholly in the haunts of dissipation, I came back to my native land.

Here, though I deserved it not, fortune awaited me; and oh! how wickedly did I squander it!"

"But did you not still love the poor girl you had deserted?"

The man answered not.

"Go to her; ask *her* forgiveness, at least. Perhaps she yet lives; and it would make her happy to forgive you."

"Oh, no, madam—that cannot be. I had no sooner landed in England, than with hurried steps I sought out the spot we had once called our own, thinking to see her walking there alone—for I heard that *her* love for me still continued, although I was worthless of it—but she was *not there*. In the suspense of such an hour, I paced the few streets of the town which was so well known to me. But amongst the many strangers there (for my long absence had made them such,) I searched for *her* in vain. At length I reached her home, the doors of which I had never entered, for our meetings had been all clandestine; but I had watched *her* enter them, and every object was dearly familiar to me. Whilst I stood there a carriage stopped at the gate; the door opened, and I saw—oh, heavens! not her—but one belonging to her, in the deepest mourning. She wore the black dress of sorrow, as I, with a sickly fancy concluded, for a child whom I had sacrificed. That thought, that conviction, went to my brain; upon the earth I sank senseless; and when I dared to raise myself from it, I fixed for a moment my swimming eyes upon the house—upon the window—*her* window—and from the spot I rushed into the dreary distance, and never saw it more. Oh! had she been spared but to have heard me ask forgiveness; though my presence must have poisoned the pure air about her, it would have been one of the most blessed moments of my life!"

"And where, my poor man, did you then bend your steps?"

"To London, madam—to that sink of infamy. The victim of sorrow and despair, the black clouds of fate hung so densely around me, that I could not penetrate them. My old passion of gaming sprang up with tenfold violence; and enabled to feed it still farther, by the considerable fortune left me by my poor father (whose eyes death had closed, whilst I was rioting in other lands,) I plunged at once into its deepest gulf. This fortune was indeed to me a bane; for it led me into the society of men of fashion, who associated with me on account of it alone; and whilst my gold lasted, they made me the toast, the god of their midnight revels. But the flattery and hollowness of my depraved associates, instead of gratifying me, made me hate myself the more; and this hatred I tried to foster by intoxication into revenge."

"Unfortunate man," exclaimed one of the ladies, "who could deserve your revenge?"

"Myself! no other than myself. Oftentimes, in a phrensied state from drinking, as I watched the lamps of mirth burn down into their sockets, I have vowed to *have* that revenge—by my own hand—by suicide."

A sigh of pity here escaped the lips of those who listened.

"But (continued he) the guilty are but cowards—for as often as I advanced a few steps nearer my end, have I shrunk back from it appalled."

"How long did you continue such a life?"

"So long as the last shilling of my fortune remained—although, in those scenes of guilt, the film has fallen at moments from my eyes, that I might see once more her fading image—her wraith—her warning wraith—beckoning me away! But what did I see?"

the same bright face and form?—Its appearance haunts me still! Her figure was the same—her features were the same—and she moved as a thing of life. But—oh, horrible to tell!—reason had fled that noble mind. She stood before me in my visions a *maniac!*”

The agitated man again paused, and passed his feverish hand over his brow, whilst his hearers sat trembling and silent.

He shortly resumed.

“But my revelry at length was at an end. Her spectre had not scared me from those scenes; for I sought them till *they* vanished from *me* and left me to starve.

“So used was I to misery, that I bore against it long—very long—until nature grew importunate; and to satisfy her I begged—though it almost choked me—first of my midnight *friends*. But they, all of them, were poor, they said, and could not give:—then in the open streets of London did I ask for bread; whilst, through many a winter’s night, have I wanted shelter from the benumbing cold and snow,—and, worn to the last thread of strength, sunk senseless at a door, where I have slept till some pitying stranger has awakened and relieved me.

“One morning I was furnished with a warm and plentiful meal; and the kind man who fed me urged me to seek some plan of earning my bread. I did so. I seized on the first, though the most wretched means of life which offered—my present vocation.

“Through every part of England have I travelled with this heavy tray; and the mere toil I could have well endured with *her* bright smile to cheer me on—but she is lost to me for ever, and I am hopeless! One day, well I remember it! on my way back to Town to procure more images from an Italian who made them,

there, I came accidentally on a large house, and having but one figure left, I knocked recklessly at the door—for I was hungry, and would have parted with it for a slice of bread, having that day tasted nothing. The servant who answered my unwelcome summons, abused me for my impudence, and tried to thrust me away, threatening to set his mastiff on me if I remained there longer. I stood in anger, and could have struck him to the earth, as a recollection of the past flashed on my mind. The house, whose doors were closed against me—the servant, who had thrust me from them—and the dog that might have torn these wearied limbs—were all—but a few short years since—my father's; and would have been his son's, but for the accursed passion which had robbed him of them.

“With hasty paces, for my eyes could not bear its recognition, I left that painful spot; and as I passed the silver stream, and the green wood which had been the chosen haunts of my boyhood, I felt what peace it would have been to end my galled life near them.”

The wretched man's history was now told; and, sinking on the seat near the window, he buried his face within his freckled hands, and gave free vent to long-suppressed tears. But a farther trial yet awaited him; the greatest and the saddest of them all; how little dreamt he of it!

The night by this had closed in, and the dews fell chill and heavily, as the image-man rose suddenly from his seat, anxious, for that night at least, to procure some place of rest. With this view he tried to raise the load upon his head, but so feeble was he that he was obliged to rest it some moments on his arm. Ere he left the spot his look was turned in gratitude

towards his benefactors, who could now be distinctly seen by the lights which the servant at that instant brought into the room.—The stranger's eyes seemed fixed; some indistinct words fell from his lips; he would have spoken, but the effort was too mighty for him. Naught could have moved him from the spot—he stood there as it were spell-bound. What had so arrested his glance? Something as colourless and speechless as a statue. As it moved unconsciously towards the light, a full glare fell upon it.—The man at length instinctively approached a glass-door that opened into the parlour. He unclosed it—one foot was already in the room: he would have sprung forward and touched the uplifted hand of that figure, which seemed scarce earthly, but for a shriek that pierced his very soul—so loud, so appalling was it, as it burst from the broken heart of this realization of the wanderer's vision. Yes, it was *she*—now a poor maniac—but once the loved the deserted Emily Graham.

In that sad moment have they met again. Reason, that had taken flight from her fast-withering form, returned for one instant, whilst she uttered, for the last time on this side her grave, the branded yet still loved name of HENRY MONTAGUE.

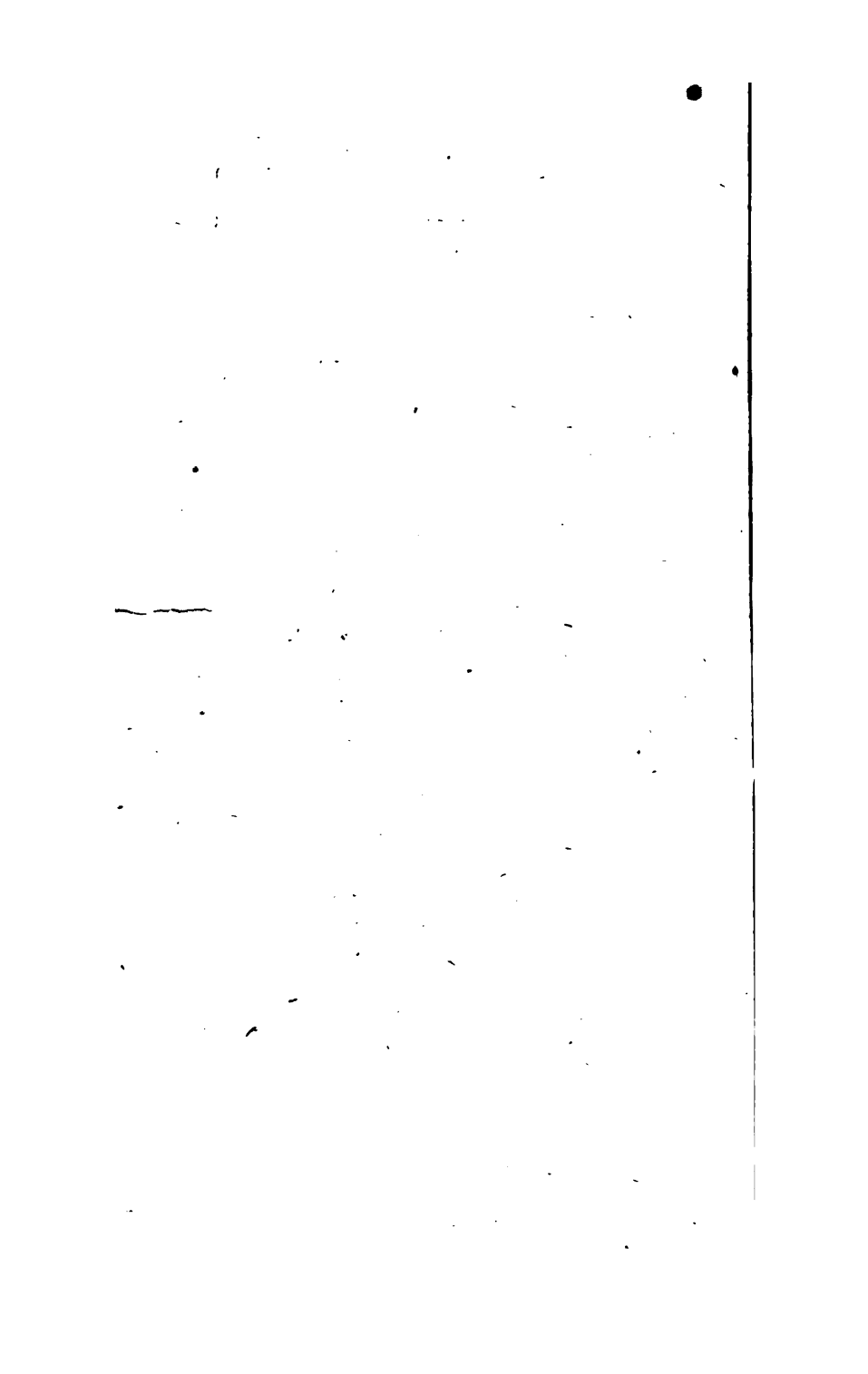
Where is the stranger now? Is he bending over that drooping flower, which had wanted but his cherishing, to bloom on in happiness? Is he chafing her stony hands till the ebb of life reflows?—till those eyes have lost their glassy stare, and behold him once again?

No—he is lost in the darkness of the night.—There lie his broken images but *he* has fled.

Did you ever, reader,—in passing up that lane of bustle and banking-houses, Lombard Street notice,

—near the centre of it, a church?—its name you may easily make out by a London Guide. If so, let the tale you have just perused, induce you to worship your Creator there next Sunday. And as you bend your humble knee, remember that you are in the house of death,—that numbers are entombed beneath your feet, some of whom, perhaps, you have known and spoken with.

There are, however two graves, side by side, in the middle aisle of the church, that may perhaps arrest your eye. The step of man has worn away some of the letters; but with a little care you may readily make out the name of the two Emily Grahams, mother and child. The younger, through the mercy of Heaven, was carried to the tomb first; and the mouldering hand of time could have destroyed but little of the lineaments of the child, when, by the same mercy, the mother followed.



THE HEBREW BROTHERS.

THERE were two merchants living in Venice, who were reputed to be of immense wealth, and who had, consequently, a very considerable intercourse, as money-lenders, with the profligate noblemen of that abundantly "demoralized metropolis."

They were skilled in the markets of foreign countries: they had sent their ample ventures abroad upon the seas, and had seen themselves blessed with success; the winds of heaven, the inconstant winds—the agents of destruction to the fortunes of other men,—had wafted vast accumulations into the iron-bound coffers of the merchant-brothers. By one of those ordinances which are inscrutable in the eyes of men, these merchants had prospered in the amassing of vast wealth, whilst others, with as much honesty of intention, and who were certainly less rigorous in their dealings, had struggled through the endless labyrinths of adversity, and died in poverty and wretchedness, leaving widows to weep the tears of unavailing misery, and orphan children to shriek under the bitter privations of gnawing want, and to shriek in their agony unnoticed and unrelieved.

The brothers were not natives of Venice. They were of that once rejected and long-persecuted race

whose fortune it has been to wander over every land: whose members, with apparently no abiding place, have gathered unto themselves gold and jewels, and by degrees become, as it were, necessary to the very existence of the countries upon which they were thrown.

Of the fourteen hundred Hebrews who inhabited the *Sestiera*, or quarter of the city set apart for the express residence of Jews, the brothers Zebulon and Jasaph were, beyond all calculation, the richest; and as they had no rivals in their wealth, neither had they any claimants on their kindred. They were in that large assembly without a relative, and, excepting the company of a waiting-woman named Leah, they lived in their large mansion alone. Now Leah herself was a legitimate descendant from the walkers of the wilderness, and she served her wealthy elders with a fidelity and devotion unexcelled even in the times of patriarchal simplicity.

Years of uninterrupted prosperity passed over the heads of the merchants, and they began at length to relax in their desire of obtaining riches, in order that they might have leisure to indulge in the contemplation of what they had amassed. If, indeed, every recess of their hearts could have been minutely searched, I am not prepared to say that another and a simpler cause would not have been found: in other words, the season for adventure had waned with them, and the fear of losing any part of what they now had, set in with as strong a current as did formerly the desire at every hazard, to gain more.

Whatever similarity there may incidentally appear between relative individuals in society, yet there are distinctive traits in every mind, which only require the pressure of circumstances for their development, and which in their revelation, not unfrequently

show a rugged disparity beneath, where, at the surface, all appeared as even as a polished mirror. Day by day did the brothers grow more intensely enamoured of their riches; but the elder, Zebulon, carried his passion to a degree which threatened the extinction of every other feeling. The gold in which he had formerly delighted, now became *necessary* to his existence—it was as the air he breathed—he lived but on its contemplation.

In the ample mansion of the merchants, there was one noble room set apart solely to the business of their traffic—a species of general counting-room, where the huge registers of their transactions were kept in a kind of ducal though dusty grandeur. This apartment was hung round with the gorgeous tapestry of the time, and presented, to ordinary examination, the appearance of a complete costly office for the accommodation of men wealthy and thriving like themselves. On one side of this apartment, and effectually screened by the ponderous folds of the crimson drape, was a recess, skilfully constructed in the days of their dawning prosperity, in which lay concealed the mighty amount of their successful dealings. The door of this vast coffer, for it bore a resemblance to nothing else, was formed of triple-iron, and secured by a spring bolt of exquisite contrivance—the workmanship of a foreign artisan, who was engaged expressly for its execution. This door could only be opened from without, and the device was resorted to • in order that if, by some unforeseen accident, any one should discover the recess, they might be deprived of the means of returning, and so be detected in their unhallowed intrusion by the legitimate masters of the golden mine. The floor was covered with layer on layer of the thickest Venetian carpeting, so that no human foot might be heard to tread upon it. Around

this inner chamber were ranged the dazzling proceeds of his life of enterprise, and here did Zebulon spend such hours of nameless ecstasy as human pen could never yet describe.

Now Jasaph followed in the footsteps of his elder brother; but not with equal alacrity: though passionately fond of his treasure, he found that there was yet a something which his heart desired, and which the possession of unnumbered riches could not well supply.

And what was the power which was striving for mastery with the fondness for gold in the heart of the Hebrew? It was LOVE! How feeble are the fortifications of the strongest heart when love assails the barriers! The current of Jasaph's blood had not yet become cold. His sight was not so fascinated by daily intercourse with the wealth of "furthest Ind," but he could discern that there was something else worth living for. The vagaries of love are manifold; and who can lay his hand upon his heart and say he is secure? Who can say, "here is an adamant barrier o'er which thou canst not pass!" Hath it not penetrated the marble bosoms of kings and tyrants? Hath not the heart of a warrior fluttered beneath his triple mail like that of a dove in the nest of her affection? And shall the gaberdine of a Hebrew merchant be proof against its power? The unpretending services of the waiting-woman, Leah, had found favour in the eyes of Jasaph, and, in the absence of more spirit-stirring occupations, he had dwelt upon them with an overweening admiration.

Leah, though quick to discern, was slow to acknowledge, "by compliment extern," that she was aware of her progress in the Hebrew's affections. Still did she demean herself in all things plainly and humbly, as one who knew and felt that she was but a waiter in

the house of the wealthy; and much did Jasaph marvel that the eyes of the Jewess should be so continually bent towards the ground, when he would have been well content to have them rivetted upon himself.

It is not, however, in the nature of woman to be wholly obdurate: after a time, Leah did seem aware of the Hebrew's partiality, which, as may naturally be inferred, occasioned all the sweet confusion that a female of the middle age may be supposed to feel in such a strange emergency. Now came into play the language which, either in old or young, was never yet spoken in vain,—when eye responds to eye, and says, however marked the gaze, “Look on, for I feel no offence!” Kinder words at length were spoken, in a softer tone; directions, which were wont to be conveyed in solitary sentences, were now linked into lengthened conversations, the waiting-woman seemed gratified by the condescension of her amatory master, and he was overjoyed at his success in wooing. Thus throve they in their furtive loves; and Zebulon—the gold-dazzled Zebulon—wot not of the matter, until he beheld, even as in the dim revelation of a dream, his brother Jasaph in earnest conversation with the waiting-woman, and leaning, as it seemed to Zebulon, for support upon her shoulder!

Now, hitherto, Jasaph had been able to support himself, or when he could not, his golden headed staff would do him good service in that office; why, therefore, should he lean on Leah? and how became the conversation of so prolonged a nature that he should need her aid in its delivery? When a man asks questions of himself which he cannot answer, he does but administer to his own confusion; and so it was with Zebulon. He was perplexed by this accidental discovery, of which he could make nothing. The con-

sequence was, that he determined to look less after his wealth, and more at his brother; for assuredly the time was come when Jasaph could not be allowed to play the fool, even in the house which was partly his own. With this determination Zebulon began to look about him; and no long time elapsed ere he enabled himself to become a partner in his brother's confidence.

Unseen and unsuspected, the wily Hebrew entered on his task. Seated on a velvet couch, he beheld his brother Jasaph and the woman of the household. They sat somewhat nearer than accorded with the watcher's ideas of necessity. He heard the low voice of Leah die away in a faint murmur, and to his consternation, Jasaph responded—

“We are wealthy, Leah! we have amassed—”

“Hush!” said Leah, “tell me not of it, lest thou shouldst make me covetous.”

“Covetous!” and he clasped her closer to him, “it shall be all thine own—thine own, Leah! This night will I pour a thousand golden pieces into thy lap, and it shall be for a token between thee and me—a love-token, Leah! shall it not be so?” And he leant his shrivelled cheek against that of the waiting-woman, who turned, as if impelled by some sudden impulse, threw her dark arms round her hoary lover, and sealed the bond with a long, long kiss upon his withered lips.

Oh! how that sound shot through the palpitating heart of Zebulon! Light as it was in comparison, he beheld its ability to waft away one thousand golden pieces! Jasaph's enchantress resumed:

“Thy generous nature I can well believe; but—” and she lowered her voice as if in trepidation—“but what will Master Zebulon say of it?”

“Tush!” said the inamorato, “he shall know no-

thing thereof, Leah, nothing! Is it not mine own, and shall it not be thine?"

Stunned, and almost senseless, stood the trembling Zebulon. Could he believe his ears? The brother of his soul—the only trusted partner of his heart in every hope—could he be so lost? so bewildered by the twinkle of a waiting-woman's eye, as to make an inroad upon that which was wont to be as dear to him as his heart's blood; and not that alone, but to rob *him*, his elder and his valued brother. Horrible—horrible! The afflicted Hebrew could endure no more; mournfully he bent his noiseless steps towards the solitude of his chamber.

In the mean time the shades of twilight, drawing slowly round, warned Leah that the evening repast was not yet prepared; and although Jasaph might live on love, she could not well expect that Zebulon would fare so slightly. With seeming reluctance she shrank from him, but not until a pledge had been given that, at the deep midnight, she should receive the golden "token."

When Jasaph found himself alone, he felt as one from whom the tempter has departed. The spell was relaxed; it did not press upon his senses with that forceful fascination which it exercised in the presence of the sibyl. Slowly rising on his half-distracted mind, he beheld the semblance of the coffer he was to rifle. He started in dismay. "What!—golden pieces—were not those the words? A thousand, was not that the sum? Oh! Leah, Leah, thou hast possessed me with a demon!" he exclaimed; "I am distraught—I cannot!—no—I cannot!"

"Did master Jasaph call?" said the well-known voice of Leah, as she appeared at the door of the apartment: "I thought, as I was passing, that I heard my name."

Again was the Hebrew on the rack. In the brief

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space which had passed since their separation, Leah had adorned herself, and that too, with the skill of one who believes herself, a partner in a game at which she has a chance to lose. She looked, in that dubious light, like to a Jewish maiden in her blossoming.

"I—I—did speak thy name, Leah—in raptures to myself—to solace me because thou wert not nigh! Hush! I hear a step—at twelve, Leah! remember twelve!

Leah glided like a shadow from his presence, but Jasaph was deceived; the only step he heard was in his own misgiving ear.

How passed the anxious hour with Zebulon? He retired to his chamber, and, after the manner of his countrymen, he rolled himself upon the floor in his agony. He clutched his venerable beard, and beat his aged temples, till the tears stood trembling in his eyes. What an abyss was before him! The knowledge that his veritable heart's drops were to be wrung from him day by day, would not have caused in him so intense a sorrow: but to know that the gold—the fine gold—the long-coveted, the anxiously sought, the hardly-earned, the unspeakably adored gold—was to be abstracted nightly to fee the ministrations of a wanton! Oh! it was madness! He arose and paced the floor, and, amid the throes of his anxiety, he communed with himself: "What if I were to reason with him? Is he not even as a hair-brained youth, and might he not smite me? And she, the Jezabel! might she not poison me? Oh, my life is in danger, and my gold—more precious far than all the lives that have suffered since the dispersion of our tribes! Ha! shall I be robbed and murdered too, and with mine own consent? No! no!"

He stood for a space motionless, his eyes intently fixed upon the ground; then, suddenly starting, his stern features broke into the demoniac smile of one

who has achieved some power of thought, of more than mortal malignancy; and reaching forth his high cloth cap, he took his staff in his hand and left the apartment.

"Leah!" said he, "stand by the door: I will but walk a minute's space, and straight return: stand by the door."

Leah stood by the door, and she looked into the street; but her master turned an angle of the *Sestiera*, and even the light sharp shuffle of his feet was no longer audible. In a few minutes they were heard briskly re-approaching the mansion, and anon he himself entered, taking care to close the door behind him.

He proceeded at once to the secret chamber, and beheld that Jasaph was there before him. There was a brief greeting between them; and Zebulon looked around with troubled eyes, as if to penetrate the precise quarter from which the thousand pieces had been taken.

"And whither went you, brother Zebulon?" said Jasaph: "I would have gone *for* you at a word."

The Hebrew started like a guilty thing at the voice of his brother's kindness. "I did but go to old Bartolo's for my lozenge drops; my cough was troublesome last night and—and may be that I shall not sleep well to-night."

He laid some little stress on the word "well," and as he did so he knocked down the lamp, which was immediately extinguished.

"See!" said Jasaph, peevishly, "I protest thou hast overturned the lamp!"

"I can re-light it," was the reply: "lo! I have the means."

"But the oil!"

"*You* will scarcely miss it!"

The noise of a flint beating on a steel was heard, and Jasaph saw the sparks flying into the case which

held the material for combustion. In a moment a broad flare of light burst suddenly upward, and clouds of silvery smoke whirled rapidly through the apartment. With a stifled yell of triumph Zebulon made for the door, the handle of which he had scarcely touched, in his tremulous haste, ere the spring shot, and the door closed upon him. He fell backward, gasping for breath, and shouting, as he best could, for the assistance which was never to aid him!

When the massive silver time-piece of the house-keeper showed the hour of midnight, she took a small taper in her hand, and, habited as he had last seen her, sought the place of appointment with Jasaph.

Leah's sensations were by no means tumultuous: quite of another description was the current of ideas which floated calmly through the mind of the wily Jewess. She saw, dimly, indeed, by her feeble taper's light, the source of prosperity opening upon her; and, if she should use her wealth wisely, a sum of worldly happiness, of a description to which she had hitherto been an utter stranger, might be hers. What! and with the Hebrew, Jasaph? No, no! Like many in the world, Leah was but playing her own little game of artifice. While Kings and Princesses were contending for sway and splendour, Leah was spreading her lures for happiness and a husband; but she chose her means of happiness from one source, and her husband from another.

Few visitors had crossed the threshold of the wealthy merchants, save those who came, in effect, to augment the sum of their possessions; yet there was one, who had been ushered in under the guardian wing of Leah, who had not yet contributed to their riches, and whom they had never seen; yet had he found favour in the eyes of the Jewess, and for his sake was she now waiting, in meditative silence, the approaching

foundation of a dower which would emancipate them both from the tyranny of servitude.

The favoured of Leah, by name Pietro Tomaso, was merely an artisan—a gay young fellow, who had caught the glance of Leah, in her loneliness, as he passed through the square in which the merchants resided. He was fond of company, but his poverty kept him alone: he had a taste for the indulgences of the table, but his means rendered him temperate: he was, in short, one to whom almost any change would prove a blessing, seeing that scarcely any description of variety could be for the worse.

Let us return to Leah. One—two—hours had rolled heavily away, yet not a sound was heard which indicated the approximation of the golden shower. The first current of ideas being dispelled, another succeeded, not to the full of so consolatory a character. What had befallen Jasaph? They never spent the whole night in the temple of their wealth, and wherefore should they on this occasion? Perplexity sometimes sharpens the wits of a woman, and those of Leah rose superior to her bewilderment. Taking her taper suddenly in her hand, she rushed, in seeming alarm, to the counting-room, through which alone the temple could be entered, and in a wild tone she exclaimed, “Ho! master Zebulon! good master Jasaph!—help—help—thieves!—the Philistines are upon you—come forth—come forth and aid me!” and, like one overcome by the effects of fear, she fell with violence to the ground.

As Leah had in some degree anticipated, no master came to aid her in her well-feigned distress: with desperate energy she applied herself to the massive foldings of the velvet tapestry; she found the iron door, but to open it was beyond her power. She was satisfied that no common calamity had befallen the mer-

chants; and she calmly took her taper and sought her own apartment.

The *Sestiera di Canale Regio* did not contain a brighter eye on the following morning than that which glanced, with the early light, from the door of the Hebrew merchants. But still Pietro came not past, and Leah looked again from door and lattice in her impatience to behold him. At length he came: by an upheld finger his progress was arrested on the spot; the door slowly opened, and Pietro was cautiously admitted. After a few generalities, scarcely fit to be set forth here, Leah confessed that she was embarrassed. She dreaded that something had befallen the merchants, and had only deemed it right to ask the counsel of a friend ere she called in the "public authorities." Now, Pietro was most fixedly of opinion that these "authorities" were a very officious overbearing class, and ought never to be called upon until matters were perfectly in extremity. He thought, whatever might have befallen the merchants, it were better that Leah and himself should ascertain it, lest they should make some awkward mistake in the representation of the matter. The Jewess saw that she was not mistaken in her estimate of Pietro; and having secured the outer door, she led the way to the treasure chamber.

The artisan, who was himself skilled in the fabrication of metallic articles, was not long in discovering the talisman by which the chamber was to be entered. With a knowing hand he touched the spring; but on pushing back the door, a volume of dense smoke rolled out, which made the Jewess and himself recoil in dismay, and at length drove them from the chamber. When the pestiferous vapour had dispersed itself, the impatient witnesses eagerly returned to the treasure-chamber. They found the Hebrews lying

apart, and the overturned lamp between them. Jasaph appeared to have fallen down at once, and stirred no more. Zebulon was lying with his ghastly features turned upwards, his garments all disturbed, and his contorted limbs betraying the last terrible struggles he had made, even in death, to redeem himself from the consequences of his fatal error.

Pietro was in ecstasies! Never before had it been his fortune even to dream of the wealth by which he saw himself surrounded, and he clasped the confiding Leah again and again to his exulting bosom. Overcome by the full force of their emotions, they sank upon a seat, until their delirium should in some degree subside and they could contemplate with sober joy the fortune which had fallen upon them.

I know not to what phenomenon in the human structure the ensuing incident can be referred;—but whilst Pietro and Leah sat apart, discoursing of their coming happiness, a slight tremor came over the frame of Jasaph, the youngest of the aged victims: he stirred—and in the next moment sat upright on the thickly-carpeted floor!* He gazed around him with the hideous yet imbecile expression of an astounded idiot wakening from a fearful dream. He seemed to have no sense of by-gone things; and scarcely a consciousness of present existence. Feebly and slowly, yet noiselessly, he arose—and fixing his eyes on the lovers, whose attention was too deeply engrossed to

* I learn from a valuable work (the Cyclopædia of Dr. Rees) that “there are several unquestionable facts, though rare, in every country, which show the possibility of recovery from sudden death, whether by apoplexy, suffocation by noxious vapours,” &c. And instances are recorded, during the progress of a late terrible epidemic, of appalling cases of recovery, even after inhumation had taken place.

heed such a visitant, gradually approached them. He cleared the film from his eyes: "Leah!" said he, in an accent tremulous and feeble as that of second childhood, "Leah!"—and stretched his trembling hands towards her.

If a thunderbolt had rent the dome of Saint Mark's, and strewed the scattered fragments at the feet of Pietro and his mate, they could not have been more effectually startled from their day-dream of delight: Leah shrieked aloud, and hid her face in the folds of her ample garment; but the indignant Pietro, stung to desperation, hurled the apparition-like form of the Hebrew with tremendous violence against an iron coffer, at the opposite side of the chamber; and the newly-resuscitated wretch died—almost as he had lived—crouching before the huge depository of his darling gold.

Whatever of indiscretion might have marked the conduct of the lovers hitherto, it was not stained with crime; but now, like the first pair, a sense of desolation fell upon their souls, and they desired to comfort each other in their guilt. As the gloomy day rolled on, however, the sense of sin grew less heavy upon them. They resolved on the means of emancipation from their unwelcome companions: an appropriation of a portion of the spoil was planned: and they determined to leave Venice as suddenly and secretly as possible. They knew that inquiry would come, and in a fashion with which half-concerted measures would but ill accord.

Now, in the same square, and immediately opposite to the merchants, lived a Zingaro, as poor as his countrymen were rich. His skill in future brought him but a sorry recompense for the present; yet, with a light heart and a high hope, he still held on, promising "golden opportunities" to all applicants,

which, for the credit of the Zingaro, we regret to add were fulfilled to none. Many a time had the Zingaro cast a wistful eye on the brothers, as he saw them march forth to the Rialto, in their ample gaberdines and high square caps of the finest Venetian texture; and when he beheld their return, after realizing thousands, he sighed, and felt that a professed dealer in the gifts of fortune held far from the most fortunate of professions.

It chanced, that morning, that the Zingaro had risen early, in order to make himself master of some new degrees of divination. He observed the unusual solicitude of the waiting-woman; he saw the signal given from the lattice; he beheld the Venetian enter; and his sagacious mind, accustomed to presages, came at once to the conclusion that there was something dark in the horoscope of the merchants.

With the lynx-eyed curiosity of his tribe, he immediately placed himself as a watch over the waiting-woman and her visiter; and still, as the latter came not forth, more determined was the watcher to ascertain his egress. High noon passed, and the hour of siesta winged away, and yet the Venetian came not, neither were the merchants seen abroad—and even Leah did not cross the threshold.

The mystery now assumed an intense character; and although the strained eye-balls of the Zingaro ached with very watchfulness, yet no relaxation did he allow them. At length, night came on in all her darkness—a gloom more profound never reigned over the precincts of the sea-born city. A thousand times did the Zingaro curse the atramentous pall which had been thrown upon his prospects, and five thousand times did he bewail his fate; but still adapting himself to circumstances, he wrapped his person from head to foot in his huge mantello, and placed himself

in the square directly opposite the object of his keen espionage.

Slowly, still, did the lingering hours depart, and midnight came as if reluctantly. The last tramp of the homeward masquer was with difficulty heard; and the far-off chorus of the exulting reveller, as he reeled from the closed casino, came fainter and fainter on the ear, until it trembled into silence. Cold and heart-sick, yet with unabated nerve, did the Zingaro maintain his post—when, hark! the bolts were slowly withdrawn, and, after a moment's lapse, a figure came forth as if to reconnoitre. A sound, like the faint moan of expiring winds, was heard, and a second figure came forth, apparently heavily burdened. It moved rapidly along the square to the verge of the canal, relieved itself, and returned.

"Ha!" muttered the wakeful Zingaro, "the Venetian is industrious!"

Again did the premonitory figure appear; again was that low and melancholy sound, heard, and once more did the burdened Venetian appear. Rapidly as before, he reached his destination, resigned his load to the waters, and returned.

"Ha!" muttered the Zingaro again, as the door closed upon the wary but watched Pietro; "a brief business; 'twere pity 'twere not followed by a rapid reckoning." The watcher possessed himself of the key of his habitation, and wended towards the great square of St. Mark's.

At this period the Inquisition of the State, or, as they were otherwise termed, the Tribunal of Three; were the conservators of the public weal in Venice. All offences against the person were submitted to their high arbitrament; and so scrupulously did they discharge their duties, that they were a terror alike to

prince and subject, and as odious as they were formidable. From their decision there was ~~no~~ appeal; their executions and their judgments were equally expeditious and secret; and that no clamour might be raised against their severity, the victims were privately disposed of—drowned at midnight in the Lagune, or strangled in their cells, and buried in the precincts of the prison. Before this inquisition actual guilt was unnecessary. The testimony of two witnesses, probably emissaries of the court, was sufficient to ensure condemnation; and, as in countries aspiring to a higher degree of refinement, the wealth of the felon became the property of the state.

Pietro Tomaso, and Leah, the waiting-woman of the Hebrew Brothers, were cited before the Tribunal of Three,—charged, by secret information, with the murder of the merchants, and the intention of subsequently abstracting their vast wealth. Having been examined apart, they were confronted with the Zingaro, whose testimony was already lying in broad array before the court.

“What answer does the woman render to this most heavy charge?” demanded the Tribunal.

“There is no blood upon my hands,” said Leah, firmly; “the Hebrews died of suffocation by themselves engendered.”

“It is most true,” said Pietro, “I can avouch.”

“Silence!” said the Tribunal; “*It is decreed!*”

At the same moment an officer approached the prisoners from behind, and, throwing a mantle over each so as completely to envelop the upper part of the person—the dungeon door closed upon them for ever!

“Thy reward,” said the officer, “was to be”—

“Five hundred zechini,” said the Zingaro.

“They are there, well and truly told. Thou mayst depart!”

The Zingaro thought he heard the words "for the present," as he hastily quitted the court. Of this he could not be certain; but he never loved the vicinity of a secret tribunal, and, moreover, as he was one upon whom a hint is seldom bestowed in vain, he took an early opportunity of passing over to the Neapolitan states, where, by a new course of life, industry and economy, he acquired a handsome competence; and though, in after life, he was naturally fond of relating his adventures, he was never known to mention the midnight burial of the HEBREW BROTHERS.

MONKWYND; A LEGENDARY FRAGMENT

—**BAST.** Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

SAL. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

KING JOHN.

THE soft sunlight streamed sadly through many a dim and gloomy vista of Monkwynd Forest, towards the close of a sultry afternoon, in the autumn of 1399. On every side, beyond the eye's ken, stretched vast sylvan colonnades of amber-hued trees, here and there interrupted by a gaunt and hoary oak, who seemed struggling to maintain his patriarchal supremacy over his leafy brethren—and irregular clumps of towering elms. Dimly through the distance was occasionally seen the form of a solitary deer, glancing swiftly among the trees as if in search of his strayed comrades.—Solemn and unbroken stilness reigned throughout the gloomy depths of Monkwynd. Rich masses of broken sunlight fell at intervals on the soft, glistening moss, which looked as though it had never been crushed beneath the proud footsteps of man.—The sun was yet at a considerable height above the vast outline of the Welsh mountains, which bounded the horizon.

A slight gloom overcast the rich and tranquil scenery; and the aspect of the sky betokened the rapid

approach of a thunder-storm. The sun, with his regal train, presently disappeared behind a dense phalanx of towering clouds, which seemed as though collecting from all parts, "the loud artillery of heaven." A few moments ensued, of that intense and sultry stillness which usually precedes a storm. Nature seemed to sink with fearful apprehension of what might follow. At last, a few large drops of rain were heard pattering slowly through the motionless branches; they were soon followed by an astounding peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the whole forest, as its long and deep reverberations died away among the distant groves. Several awfully vivid sheets of lightning shed over the scenery a transient ghastly light; and in a few moments the rain poured down in torrents. There was something freshening, in hearing its ceaseless clatter among the hurtful leaves and branches, and viewing it streaming on the emerald grass and moss beneath.

On a slight elevated mound of grass, at some distance from the surrounding trees, in the very heart of the forest, apparently unconcerned amidst the torrents of rain, the reverberating thunder-claps, and the livid, incessant flash of lightning—stood the tall figure of a stranger. His arms folded on his breast, drew tightly around him the folds of a long dark cloak; it doubled over his head in the shape of a hood, which, in the present instance, was thrown rather aside. It was the monkish costume. His pale, stern, forbidding countenance, and restless vulture-eye, conveyed to the spectator the idea that he contemplated a monument of ruined ambition. He was gazing on the sky; and the fitful lightning shed over his features a most wild and unearthly expression. His lips were compressed sullenly together; and his broad forehead, partially shaded with black hair, was knotted with a gloomy air of intense thought and disquietude.

"Ay!" he exclaimed, in a deep tone, after witnessing a terrific flash of lightning, "an' I envy not that cloud, may Satan ashrieve me this night!—It hath cast forth from its dark chambers a troublesome guest, and now flitteth on its journey easily.—Holy St. Botolph! would *I* were able to cast forth the lightning which scorseth me secretly—ay, blighteth every hour of my accursed life!—And that thunder—why the earth seemed to leap with horror at the hearing on't—yet it shaketh not the soul of him that standeth thereon!—I weeten* that these fresh rain-drops would cool my burning brow—but, alack! they roll off hot—hot!—Marry! that was a doughty feat, in sooth!" said he, as the lightning descended on a giant oak, and rent it asunder with a loud crash. "That same lightning hath taught me a lesson. *It* careered over the sky till it had collected all its might—and then it flung down at once the whole of its fiery vengeance;—and see how it has blasted the proud old king o' Monkwynd! In like manner *I* have wandered from far, over lonesome hill and valley, and crossed the troublous seas—and now will I do in like manner, by the mass!" As he spoke these last words with subdued eager bitterness, he reached over his hand to his left side, as though he felt for something beneath his cloak. A wild smile past over his face.—"An't shall please thy reverence," exclaimed a husky voice, "thou hadst better turn within, and abide under cover, till the rain be overpast." The voice issued from the door of a small cave, which conveniently opened between the trunks of two trees, at about ten paces distance from the mound on which stood the moody stranger. The speaker was a jolly obese little friar, with a smooth-shaven crown, and vermilion-tinted nose. The stran-

* In several parts of the ensuing narrative I have adopted the colloquial phrases of the period at which our story commences.

ger stalked slowly to the cave, and stood leaning against one of the elm-trees. He glared silently on the lightning, as it flashed incessantly afar off.

"Sancta Maria! what a dreary even is this!" quoth Father Gootle, fingering his dusky beads. "Yon lightning looketh like fiery snakes i' the sky: an't please ye, sir, serpents, I wot ye would keep far from this our comfortable resting-place! Dost thou dread the lightning, holy father?"

"I prithee peace, sirrah: trouble me not with thy malapert questions. Rather sit thee down within there, and go to sleep," replied the monk, sternly.

"If it please thy reverence, I have but aroused a little while from my nap—and even then an unmannerly peal o' thunder awoke me. But I can tell thee o' something that will comfort thy soul: ay, in sooth, it *will* comfort thy soul."

"Out with it, then!" said the monk, looking negligently over his shoulder.

"Body and soul be sworn brothers,—*charissimi fratres*, as saith one of the fathers, if it please thy reverence to recollect. Sith it so stand, it follows that they have all things in common. When one is griped, and pinched, why so is the other, as it were. Thy mind is now disquieted, after a certain sort; and by close examination thereof, according to the command of the Holy Church,—but thou rememberest what Father Ambrose saith:

Sint pura cordis intima
Absistat et recordiâ—

I found that it was not disquieted because of aught evil in itself, (blessed be the mother of God!) but purely because the body is wanting in due and fitting nourishment: the stomach—the stomach—hem, hem."

"Out on thy drivelling! What wouldst thou say to me?"

"Marry, that I have an excellent mutton pasty within here, which a certain pious damsel gave me this morning for absolution for an unspeakable thing. Doubtless thou wilt fall to, and partake thereof."

"Thou fat old dotard!" exclaimed the monk, turning his back on him, angrily.

"Nevertheless, *I* feel a certain craving after food, which must be satisfied. Doubtless, when the savoury smell of my pasty ascendeth to thy nostrils, thou wilt be of other mind than thou art now, for thou hast travelled far to-day," replied the good friar; and drawing a small knife from his vest, which seemed always ready on such occasions, he cut out a large piece, which he immediately began to eat, with great zest, and in silence. For some moments the monk stood gazing on the storm, which yet raged with unabated violence: but at last, it seemed that the prediction of his companion was verified, for he turned slowly round and seated himself within the cavern.

"An' thou likest, thou mayest portion *me* out a morsel, for I wax something faint with travelling, and a long fast. I have that to do which doth not admit of weakness—else I vowed not to eat, till"—he broke off suddenly, and a gloomy pause ensued.

"Surely the damsel from whose fair hands did come this pasty, is blessed with excellent skill in the fashioning of pasties," said the friar, handing a slice to the monk, who ate a few mouthfuls in silence. At length he flung down the remainder with violence.

"Sancta Maria! doth it not suit thy palate? Is it seasoned too highly?" inquired the astonished friar. "Thou couldst not have done more, an' it had been poisoned,—which our blessed lady forbid, for I have eaten a reasonable quantity!" he continued, passing his hands over his protuberant paunch, and looking rather alarmed. The monk, evidently striving to con-

ceal from his companion his great perturbation, stammered confusedly, as a reason for his strange conduct,

"Carnis terat superbia
Potius cibique parcitas.

"Dost not thou know what that meaneth, thou that art gorging like a hog beneath an oak-tree?—I will taste no more o' thy vile dainties."

He seemed fearfully agitated. He quivered from head to foot: and glared so wildly around him, that the friar, terrified by his vehemence, and apprehending that a long fast had somewhat deranged him, pulled out a small flask of wine, and offered it to him: he drained it off at a draught.

"Was that *blood* thou gavest me?" inquired the monk, in a hollow tone, fixing an appalling stare on the affrighted friar.

"Blood?—blood?—Holy St. Becket!—Why should I give thee blood?—Thou ravest!—Thou art certainly ill!—Look at this holy wood, Father, and be blessed!"—and he held before him a small crucifix.

"Ha!" exclaimed the monk, with a long shuddering gasp, gazing on the crucifix with a bursting eye. He suddenly snatched it from the trembling grasp of the friar, and dashed it into fragments upon the stone floor.

"Sancta—Sanctissima Maria! henceforth a curse clingeth to thee for ever!" screamed the astonished friar, as the monk darted from the cavern, and staggered to the mound where he had previously stood. He shook himself violently, as though he had been flinging off the coils of a serpent, pressed his hands to his forehead, and gazed upwards with an eye quivering with agony and despair. He turned round with sudden calmness. He seemed, with a gigantic effort, to have allayed his

terrible excitement. He walked slowly to the cave, at the entrance of which stood the pale and agitated friar, rapidly counting his beads.

"Go thou within, Father Gootle; I have somewhat for thy ear."

"How shall I sit near one who hath broken and despised the blessed cross?" inquired the trembling friar. A look from the monk silenced his scruples, and he obeyed. The monk seated himself opposite to him.

"Dost thou remember," he resumed solemnly, laying his cold hands on those of the friar—"dost thou remember San Marco?"

The shuddering friar made no reply.

"I see thou dost," continued the monk, gloomily; "but why art thou so startled? Dost thou remember in the inner court of the Abbey, in the still of the evening, what words they were which I spoke to thee?—What I said about England—about Cheshire?"

"Holy Father, I pray thee, take off from me thy burning eye! Thy fiendish stare hath maddened me. Help; I faint!"

"Weak fool!" exclaimed the monk, as he supported him till he recovered.

"Father Gootle—I ask thee, dost thou remember the word which I whispered in thine ear, when the bell rung to vespers?"

"I do!—I do!" replied the friar, gasping with terror.

"That word hath brought me from Italy to England, although thou thoughtest I was intrusted on an errand of state to Cardinal Superbè. That word hath been my support amidst troubles and sorrows unutterable. That word hath been to me for breath and for food. That word hath made me to laugh at the grave."

"And that word will be thy passport to hell!" replied the friar, vehemently.

"*Hell!*" ejaculated the monk, with a bitter smile. "Now, Father, do thou mark me, and mind me. I go to do a deed, which neither thou, nor any other man must see. Stay thou within this cavern till I return—or thy blood be on thine own head. An' thou stirrest beyond these two trees till I return—by the cross which I brake, but this is thy grave!" said the monk, in a voice of thunder.

The friar fell on his knees, and clasped his hands in speechless agony.

"What meanest thou?—What wouldst thou?" inquired the monk, sternly.

"By thy hopes of heaven, do not this dark and bloody deed!"

"Thou mayst cease thine entreaties, Father. Can the stamp of a foot crumble yon mountains into dust?—Then may thine entreaties melt the rock of my resolution. I tell thee I *shall* have my revenge, an' there be truth in heaven or in hell—Once again I warn thee—if thou leavest till I return, I will slay thy body, and curse thy soul for ever, an' it were in my power."

With these words he left the cave, and Father Gootle more dead than alive. He strode rapidly to the mound he had previously occupied. The armies of the storm had furled their flags, and left the sky to the brief, but serene dominion of the setting sun. Purple-tinged clouds floated around him in dim pomp and shadowy magnificence. The freshly-laved trees glowed in his soft lustre; and the winds swept through their foliage, as though they chanted the faint and mournful requiem of the departing day. The scene was delightfully tranquil; but not so he whose eye dilated upon it with sullen indifference.

The monk frequently cast his eye towards a grove

of silvery sycamores, round which wound a circuitous pathway leading to Wrexham,—as though anxiously waiting the approach of an expected passenger. He often muttered to himself—“When will he come?—What an’, after all, I am misled?—but lo! there he cometh! ay, *he cometh!*—Why doth my blood stand still and why mine eyes grow dim? What meaneth this sickness? this deadly faintness at the heart?—Hold! an’ *it* fail me *now*—so shall my life!”

He drew his cowl over his face, and began to walk around, in a thoughtful mood, so that he might be speedily overtaken by the horsemen who followed. It was an elderly man who rode on a large white horse. He was dressed in a long buff tunic, somewhat the worse for wear, with a broad leathern band buckled round his waist,—and had on a coarse thrum bonnet. Covetousness and rapacity seemed to twinkle in his keen, deep-set gray eyes, and to be stamped upon every feature of his countenance; and a dirty grayish, straggling beard attached to his peaked chin, gave a perfect idea of a miser. He rode at a leisurely pace, and soon overtook the monk, who walked on with his chin inclined on his hand, in a posture of deep thoughtfulness.

“The blessing of St. Botolph be with thee, good stranger: hast thou alms for one of the holy church’s poor servants?” inquired the monk, in a stifled voice.

“Good even to thee, holy priest: but syn thou askest alms, let me tell thee, I have not sufficient for mine own wants.”

“An’ it were never so little, give it, I prithee: wottest thou not of the widow’s mite?”

“I tell thee,” replied the stranger, peevishly, “I have scarce sufficient for mine own wants; and how, then, can I minister to thine?”

“How sayest thou so? Report babbleth that thou

hast an indifferent good estate, adjoining—is it not so? *Davie o' Monkwynd* passeth for richer than any within many a rood, an' I am not misled."

"Then report is a liar—an' thou *will* have plain words. Even suppose I had some trifling property in tenements, and so forth—thinkest thou I am not sufficiently burdened with young King Richard's extortion!—Every month that cometh, is saddled with some new exorbitant tax. Marry, I tell thee, I am poor."

"An' it were never so small a trifle," continued the monk, imploringly.

"Thou shouldst not, because thou couldst not have it!" replied David, angrily, at the same time quickening the pace of his horse. But the monk still kept close to his side.

"Leave me, leave me, thou importunate beggar! Thou dost disgrace thy cloth!" said Davie, impatiently: had he seen the withering scowl with which the monk regarded him, he would have set off at full gallop; as it was, he urged his horse to brisker speed than before: but the monk, with his long and rapid strides, still kept even with him, and, seeing Davie inclined to set off at a gallop, he laid his hand on the bridle.

"Why—what meanest thou?—By'r lady, wouldst thou rob me!—Dost know that the greater half of this forest is owned by me?" said Davie, with great trepidation.

"An' that be so, how canst thou be so poor as to be unable to give me a mark or two?—I pray thee give me alms, in the name of the blessed Virgin!"

"I will see thee hanged first, priest as thou art!" vociferated Davie, losing all patience.

"Then mark me," said the monk, in a slow and solemn voice, "I will give *thee* a gift!"

"Ay, i'fai?—ay?" inquired Davie, eagerly; "Money or goods? Money or goods?—Stay—perchance"

thou meanest thy blessing? If so, keep it to thyself: a monkish blessing I value not half a sterling."

"Davie, wouldst thou know what my gift meaneth?" asked the monk, impressively: "It is this! Gaze till thine eyes be blighted!" and he drew from beneath his cloak a keen, long, and glittering knife, spotted with blood.

"Holy Mary! Dost thou mean to murder an old man?" stammered Davie, while he strove, but ineffectually, to urge his horse to a more rapid pace.

"Murder thee?—St. Dunstan forbid?—Dost thou think a *monk* a murderer?—Take thou this blade, and examine it well. I warrant thee thou shalt by and by discover in it something strange and wondrous," replied the monk, as he extended the knife to his companion.

"By the bones o' St. Becket, I will not touch it! Thou art a fiend, and no man," replied Davie.

"Take it, or rue it!" thundered the monk. Davie took it with a trembling hand. "And what am I to do with it?" he inquired, faintly.

"Mark it well, and give it me again."

Davie viewed it with a dim and sickening eye, and returned it in silence to his companion, who clutched it with fierce eagerness, and replaced it beneath his cloak.

"Dost thou remember it, Davie?—Dost thou remember it?"

"No!" replied Davie, casting a wild and fearful glance on his companion, who drew his cowl closer over his face. A long pause ensued.

"And so thou art poor, art thou?" inquired the monk, with feigned calmness.

"Thou speakest truly, reverend father."

"How long hast thou lived in these parts?"

"I have dwelt here syn my youth," replied Davie, with trembling submissiveness.

"*Hadst thou ever a brother?*" inquired the monk, abruptly, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow of his shuddering auditor.

"Ay!" he replied at the same time grasping the pommel of his saddle, as if he with difficulty preserved his seat.

"Why dost thou tremble, and turn so white in thy face, Davie?" inquired the monk, with a fierce smile.

"A passing fit of sickness, such as I often have.—Would that Gideon Drench, the leech, were here: I lack his assistance. I pray thy reverence to remember, that I am a weak and year-stricken man."

"Doubtless it is so; but—thy brother?" continued the monk with cold-solemnity; "is he alive now?"

Davie was silent.

"I ask thee, Davie—is thy brother alive?" repeated the monk.

"With great grief of heart, I must tell thee, he is dead. God's peace be with his soul!" stammered Davie, as if his words choked him.

"When did he die, Davie?"

"It is now a matter of ten years, so please thy reverence."

"I prithee, did he die at home—in his father's house?"

"Alack, no! He died at Wat Tyler's rebellion. He was slain by a knight, in Smithfield. I grieve to say he was a traitor."

A long pause ensued, which neither seemed inclined to break.

"~~Where~~ didst thou say he died?" inquired the monk, abruptly.

"Peace be with him! He followed the Duke of Hereford to Lithuania, and was left dead on the field of battle. I had like to have gone beside myself wi

sorrow for him—for I was the only one of the family that loved him.”

“I thought thou saidst he was a rebel, and died in Wat Tyler’s insurrection—in Smithfield?” said the monk, slowly fixing a keen and startling glance on Davie, who made no other reply, than by gasping, “Heaven pity me—I grow distracted!”

“Hadst thou other brothers than he, Davie?”

“No, he was the elder, and only one.”

The monk drew his cowl closer over his face, and said, in a voice which seemed to rise from the depths of the grave,—“Davie, thou didst *murder* thy brother!”

The reins fell from Davie’s hands, and he fixed on the shrouded face of his companion a cold, unmeaning stare, while the monk continued, in the same sepulchral tone—

“Davie, dost thou remember the Elder Tower?—Dost thou remember who sate in it at midnight, when stilness was upon the earth?—Dost thou remember that thy brother received from thine hands a cup of sack—drank it,—and presently fell asleep?—Dost thou remember that thou didst take from thy tunic—a knife?—Dost thou remember baring the cloak from thy brother’s bosom?—Dost thou remember the hot blood that gushed over thy clasped hands?—Dost thou remember the hooting of an owl, who settled opposite to thee, on a hazel-tree, and sang thee a death-song on thy deed?—Dost thou remember that the broad eye of the moon well-nigh froze thee into stone, as thou lookedst on it?—Dost thou remember hearing a wild shriek—that a maiden started from the bower, where she had been sleeping, close by, and was awake by the owl,—that thou wast following her, with thy red knife in thine hand, when thy feet failed thee, on the ground slippery with blood?—Ha! dost thou remember that

ghastly night?—Thou didst not see the blue hell-fire which flickered around the shrubs and bushes by thee! Davie!—I tell thee thy soul is dyed with blood!—Blood—blood—blood cryeth out against thee for vengeance!—It was licked up by the thirsty earth, into its dark womb, where it is preserved until now!—*Cain!*—dost thou hear the curse which is denounced upon thee?" inquired the monk, through his closed teeth.

During the whole of this heart-freezing recapitulation, Davie had gazed fixedly on the gloomy speaker, with a lack-lustre eye, and his features bedewed with a clammy sweat. His horse had for some time ceased to move, as if the withering words of the monk had operated as a spell on the horse as well as the rider. At length the monk shook him from his lethargy.

"Davie!—dost thou hear thine accuser?"

"Oh, thou fiend—thou fiend! why dost thou fright me?" gasped Davie, striving to trace the figure of the cross.

"Away home, Davie!—*I will meet thee again!*—See thou be prepared for my coming!"

More dead than alive, Davie urged his horse gently forwards. The monk watched him till the winding pathway had hid him from his view, and then darted through the trees, where he was heard rapidly urging his way among the crashing and creaking bushes, as he pushed them on each side.

Davie rode along for some time, at a very slow and mournful pace; but a sudden recollection of the last words of the terrible stranger—the fearful mystery in which he was shrouded—and the dreariness of his own situation—together, so awed his imagination, and overcame his feelings, that, with sudden and desperate vehemence he struck his horse, till it bore him along at a rapid rate. He soon reached the borders of the

forest, and rode up towards a pair of dim and lofty gates, on each side of which was placed a rudely-sculptured boar, scowling with great fierceness. He dismounted, and fastened his horse to the gate, with a trembling hand. With hurried, unsteady steps, he passed through the court-yard, which was growing gloomy with the shadows of evening. He approached a large, irregularly-built mansion, heavy with cumbersome, dingy-hued timber-works;—and each angle was garnished with a small square turret; but for what earthly use is beyond conjecture. The door was beneath a ponderous stone porch. He raised his hand to the latch; but he could not move it. Again and again he shook the door, with what little strength he had left—but he heard only its faint echoes through the silent chambers. He called out faintly, "*Jeanet!*" but received no answer. As he turned round to examine the ground-casement, his startled eye caught a glance of a tall dim figure, gliding swiftly and noiselessly by the gates through which he had entered; and his ear caught the low querulous neighing of his horse,—as though it had been startled or disturbed by the being, whoever it was, that passed.

Once more he shook the oaken door, but in vain. He leaned disconsolately against the porch, and groaned. He was gazing on the door—when he saw it move: he pushed it, and it fell back. After a moment's pause of apprehension, he crossed the threshold. Had he possessed sufficient recollection and presence of mind, he might have been surprised and alarmed at the sudden opening of the door—but it escaped his notice. As he paced the dim passages, his heart leaped within him at the echo of every foot-fall. He was surprised at the unusual, the dreary, the ominous silence which pervaded the house. Sickening with a vague apprehension of horror, he ac-

cended the oaken stairs which led to his sleeping-chamber. He opened the door. The last lingering sunlight, which shed a melancholy gleam around, revealed to him the figure of his wife, stretched in blood on the floor, which had issued from a wound in her breast, where the fatal instrument yet remained. He seemed petrified, as his reeling eyes encountered the staring eyeballs of his murdered wife. While he gazed in silence on the frightful spectacle, he heard a wild unmeaning laugh behind him: he turned round with tottering steps, and beheld the *Monk*.

"Ha, Davie!—Art thou at thy trade of blood again?" he inquired, with bitter derision.

Davie's limbs refused him any longer support; and he fell down by the side of his wife, his eye still riveted on the fiendish figure of the monk.

The monk drew back his sleeves from his hands, and knelt down deliberately by his side. He slowly drew out the long knife, which stood in the gashed bosom of the wife.

"Dost thou remember, I said I would meet thee again? Art thou prepared?"

He wiped the wet blade upon his sleeve, and, with terrible calmness, unbuckled Davie's tunic. He laid his hand upon Davie's heart.

"Thou art still warm with life, Davie: it *is* warm?" he continued, and it seemed as though a pang of momentary remorse thrilled through his black heart; for he folded his arms on his breast, and gazed anxiously on the haggard countenance of his unresisting victim.

"Davie! dost thou remember me?" asked the monk, flinging wide his hood.

"My Brother!" gasped the dying wretch.

The words had scarcely quivered from his lips, when the monk uplifted his knife, and plunged it

thrice into his bosom, yelling, "Die, accursed! Die, die, die!"

"It is done!" groaned the monk; "now for Italy." He sprang from the scene of fratricidal horror, and hurried through the courtyard.

Soon after the monk had left the cavern in Monkwynd forest, Father Gootle contrived to rouse his sinking spirits, by an appeal to a sure and often-tried friend, *i. e.*, a flask of Gascon wine, which he had concealed in a dark corner by way of *dernier ressort*. Never had a similar application been so instantaneously successful. It infused new life and vigour into his system, and recruited his mental energies. He commenced a soliloquy.

"An' it please Heaven, this deed of blood shall either be prevented, or visited with due punishment. It will be a deed of excellent service to the church. But what an' I should perish, in working this good? Could the holy mother church afford to lose me? Truly, I fear not. Marry, this is my consolation, *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ*, as one saith. My singular eloquence hath often, in times past, edified the church; and I have done many other excellent things, which it becometh not me to name. And,—supposing I should die, at a sudden push, in defence of the church's purity—hem, hem," chuckled the friar,—“methinks it would sound indifferent well in after ages, for folks to beseech the intercession of *Blessed St. Gootle!*—But I must be doing: ay, i'faith; and what shall I do!” Here a short pause ensued. “I will hie me to Wrexham (which lieth at little more than half a mile's distance,) to *Irongripe*, the bailiff, and bring him, with some few other stout fellows, to Davie's house: and our Lady grant I may be in time to prevent the shedding of blood!”

It is true, the fierce threats of the monk came to

his remembrance; but then he easily consoled and fortified himself with mentioning the words, "*Blessed St. Gootle.*" So away went the good father, as fast as his limbs could carry him, puffing all the way to Wrexham. He was successful. Irongripe, a very valiant and noted thief-taker, instantly accompanied him, with three other bloodhound followers. They met the monk riding rapidly along on the horse of Davie.

"See—see the blood on his cloak! Look, stout Irongripe!"

The monk heard the voice of the friar, and looked up: for he was riding along moodily, with his eyes bent towards the ground. He saw Father Gootle, who had considerably preceded Irongripe and his party. He sprang from his horse, exclaiming,

"*Thou here, caitiff?—Die!*"

Before he had seized the trembling friar, the monk was locked in the strong arms of the bailiff and his constables.

"*Die! thou, caitiff friar! Die, caitiff!*" thundered the monk, his eye still singling out Father Gootle—at the same time that he struggled to burst from those who held him.

"*Haste thee! Haste thee, holy father! Mount that horse, and ride off for thy life!*" roared out one of the men. Fear lent agility to the exhausted friar: he managed to clamber, with some little difficulty, into the saddle, and was out of sight presently.

The infuriated monk struggled like a giant, with his resolute and powerful assailants. Twice he burst from their united grasp, and flung Irongripe and his head constable on the ground with stunning violence. But his opponents, beside being familiar with such encounters, were well-trained wrestlers, and rose unhurt from every fall.

"Unhand me, knaves!—Blood-thirsty villains, away!" roared the monk, as he hurled them off on all sides. He perceived, however, that his strength began to fail, while that of his assailants seemed wholly unexhausted. His eye glared furiously around him: in the darkness he had discovered his revenge.

"The cliff! the cliff!—He drags us to the cliff's edge! Hold away, or we are lost!" shouted the constables. The powerful monk swayed his devoted foes nearer and nearer to the fatal verge. Around three he wreathes his giant arms: he had devoted them to destruction.

"Help, as ye are men!—Help!" roared Irongripe, as a body of horsemen appeared, bearing torches, headed by the indefatigable friar. Again, trusting to their instant arrival, he rushed to the rescue of his companions. But the monk also had seen the approaching re-enforcement; and, with a last tremendous effort, whirled himself and his four assailants from the edge of the precipice. Close clasped together in the embrace of death, they fell, crashing from crag to crag, into the river beneath.

When the horsemen, with their waving torches, galloped to the scene of this terrible catastrophe, it was overspread with the pall of silence and darkness.

Ever after this terrible transaction, superstition hung her portentous ensign over the ancient forest of Monk-wynd and the house of the murdered Davie. The peasant who dared to linger within its dreary precincts an hour after sunset, was esteemed unusually stout-hearted. But, as for Davie's mansion, if report may be credited, none ever had the temerity to enter its blood-stained walls, which were suffered, year after year, to crumble in solitary gloom and desolation. Many legends of the spectre monk (first promulgated, perhaps, by Father Gootle) were current in the neigh-

bourhood. Nay, one very valiant fellow went so far as to say that he had several times seen, in the gloom of evening, a tall, gaunt, dim shape, sitting upon the edge of Monkwynd Cliff (as it was called,) which then sunk down out of sight; which circumstance, as he very sagaciously predicted, evidenced that his soul was doomed to suffer penance there, for nobody knows how many centuries.

As for Father Gootle, I have never been able to meet with any information respecting his history; and, as one never hears, in the Cornish calendar, of the name "*Blessed St. Gootle*," we may fairly infer that he was never thought worthy of canonization.

THE CONVICT.

ROBERT WILSON was a market gardener. Early in life he married a deserving young woman whom he loved with entire tenderness, and by whom he had several children. No man on earth could be fonder of his little offspring than Wilson; and they, on the other hand, almost worshipped their father, taking delight in nothing so much as in doing what he wished. Wilson was not very wise, nor was he at all learned; but his heart, which, as I have said, was full of tenderness, told him with unerring instinct that his children would be governed more perfectly and with more wholesome effect under the dominion of love than under that of fear; and *his* was indeed a happy family, where affection, pleasure, obedience and faith (faith in each other,) went hand in hand. Wilson was well situated for passing his life comfortably, and rationally,—his garden being just far enough out of London to render inconvenient his mixing in the squalid profligacies of town (had he been so inclined;) and yet he was not so entirely in the country as to harden him into the robust callousness and ignorant vices of village life. He could just hear enough of the stir of the “great Babel” to interest him in it, and to keep his faculties alive and awake to the value of his own quiet, and to the unaffected caresses of his dear wife and children, which always ap-

peared more and more precious after he had been hearing, in his weekly visit to town, some instance of mercenary hypocrisy and false-heartedness.

I lodged two years in his house, and have often seen him on a summer's evening, sitting in an open part of his garden surrounded by his family in unconscious enjoyment of the still and rich sun-set. I was his guest the last time I saw him, poor fellow, in this placid happiness. We drank tea in the open air, and amused ourselves afterwards, I recollect, with the preceding day's newspaper which Wilson used to hire for the evening. We sat out of doors later than usual, owing to the deliciousness of the night, which instead of deepening into darkness, kept up a mellow golden radiance sweeter than the searching day-light; for before the colours of the sun had entirely faded in the west, the moon came up over the eastern horizon, and the effect was divine. My poor host, however, did not seem so happy as usual. He had been thoughtful the whole evening, and now became more pensive; and nothing roused him even into momentary cheer, except the playfulness of his eldest daughter,—a merry little girl of about four or five years of age. It was sad to see him, with his dejected face, striving to laugh and romp with the child, who in a short time began to perceive the alteration in her father's manner, and to reflect in her smooth face the uneasiness of his. But their pastime was of short continuance. It was melancholy pretence. There was nothing hearty in it, except the dance of the child's forehead-locks tossed to and fro in the clear moonshine.

I soon found out the cause of this depression. He was beginning to be pinched under an ugly coalition—an increasing family, decreasing business and times taxed to the uttermost. The gentlefolks living about the great squares did not spend so much money as for-

merly in decking their windows and balconies with early flowers and rare exotics; and this was an important source of Wilson's revenue. He bore up, however, with sad patience, for a long time; till hunger thinned and stretched the round faces of his children, and his wife's endearments, instead of coming with hope and encouragement, seemed like tokens of love growing more spiritual and devoted under despair; they were embraces hallowed and made sublime by famine. All this was more than the poor man could bear. The failing voices of his unconscious children, were like madness bringing sounds in his ears, and one night, losing in the tumult of his thoughts all distinction between right and wrong, he rushed forth, and committed a robbery.

He was not absent long, and returned, as I have been told, in a delirium of joy which was fearful to see. He danced, shouted, sang, and threw money on the table, crying out, "There! we will have plenty of bread now, and meat too. Ah, little ones! you need not stare at me so gravely, with those curious fixed eyes. Laugh, my chicks; and rejoice; for what I say is true;—true, that we will eat. Here, wife, go and get them plenty: they must not look so pale any longer. And, that's a good creature, bring me in some brandy. I am not hungry. Ask no questions, if you love me; but run, and get food for yourself and the children. We'll all be merry. Betsy, my child, come and kiss me."

But, alas! in a day or two he fell from this temporary elevation, and the want returned—stronger, fiercer, more hopeless. He had done no good to his family, but had burdened himself with a crime. It was deplorable to see him mope about the weedy walks of his garden.

I shall never forget, as long as I live, the hour when he was apprehended by the officers of justice.

A knock was heard at the outer gate, and on Mrs.

Wilson's going to open it, two men rushed by her into the house and seized her pale and trembling husband; who, although he expected and dreaded such an event, was so staggered by it, as to lose for a few moments his consciousness of all about him. The first thing he saw on coming to himself was his wife stretched at his feet in a fearful swoon, and, as he was hurried off, he turned his eye towards her with a heart-broken expression, calling out in a tone half raving and half imploring, "Look there, look there!"

It would be vain to attempt a description of the wretched hours passed by him and his wife in the interval which elapsed between this period and the time of his trial. The madness of his utter despair, perhaps, was less intolerable than the sickening agitation produced in her mind by the air-built hopes she dared to entertain in weary succession, and which were only born to be soon striking back into nothing. This is indeed a ghastly and withering conflict. The poor woman, after enduring it for three weeks, could not be easily recognised by her old acquaintances. There were no traces left of the happy, bustling wife. She moved silently among her children; her face was emaciated, and hectic; and her eyes were red with the constant swell of tears. It was a mighty change.

The day of trial at length came on. Wilson was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed on him. The laws in their justice condemned him to be hanged, and the laws in their justice had enforced the taxation, the hard pressure of which had so mainly assisted to drive him into crime. But the world is inexplicable.

His wife did not survive the news many hours. She died in the night without a struggle. It was of no use to let the condemned man know this. I knew he would never ask to see her again; for their meetings in the prison had already been torturing beyond endurance.

I visited him in his cell two days before the time appointed for his execution. He was silent for many minutes after I entered, and I did not attempt to rouse him. At length with a voice quivering under an effort to be composed, he said; "Although, Mr. Saville, I do not request (I was going to say I did not *wish*, but God knows how false that would be) to behold my wife again in this bitter, bitter world, because such a dreary meeting would drive her mad, yet I think it would do me good if I could see my child, my eldest girl, my little Betsy. I know not why it is, but I have an idea that her soft prattle, ignorant as she is of my fate, would take something away from the dismal suffering I am to undergo on Wednesday. Therefore bring her, will you, this afternoon; and frame some postponing excuse for my poor wife. These, dear sir, are melancholy troubles, but I know you are very good."

In the afternoon, accordingly, I took the child who asked me several times on the road why her father did not come home. As we walked along the gloomy passages to his cell she clung close to me, and did not say a word. It was very different, poor thing, to the open and gay garden about which she was used to run.

The door of her father's miserable dungeon was soon opened, and the child rushed into his arms. "I do not like you to live in this dark place, father," she cried; "come home with me and Mr. Saville, and see mother who is in bed."

"I cannot come just now, my child," he answered; "you must stay a little with me, and throw your arms round my neck, and lean your face on mine."

The child did as she was bidden, and the poor man, straining her to him, sobbed bitterly and convulsively. After a few minutes, he looked with yearning eyes in her face, saying, "Come, my dear, sing your poor

father that pretty song which you know you used to sing to him when he was tired on an evening. I am not well, you know. Look at me, my child, and sing."

How sad it was to hear the child's voice warbling in that dolorous place! She was sitting on his knee—returning his eager gaze with a half-perplexed expression; little thinking, poor thing, how soon he was to be snatched away, and hung by the neck, like a dog, till he was dead! I could scarcely bear it; but it seemed to have a contrary effect on the father. His eyes were lighted up, and a smile appeared in his countenance. The song* was of love, and woody retirement, and domestic repose, and the baffled frowns of fortune. While the child was singing, I left the cell to make some arrangements with the gaoler, who was walking close to the door. I had not, however, been thus engaged five minutes, before I heard something fall heavily, accompanied by a violent scream, and rushing into the cell, I saw the unhappy convict lying on the floor, and his little girl clinging round his neck. The gaoler and I lifted him up, and, alarmed at the hue of his face, called in the medical attendant of the prison, who soon told us the poor man was dead.

The account given by the child was, that after she had done singing, her father started, then looked sharply in her face, and with a strange and short laugh, fell from his chair. I suppose she had sung him into a temporary forgetfulness of his situation; that she had conjured into his mind with her innocent voice, a blessed dream of past days and enjoyments, and that the spell ceasing when her melody ceased, the truth of things had beat upon his heart with too stunning a contrast, and it had burst.

M. L. C.

"In my cottage near a wood."



1925

